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Saturday Review

June 27, 1970 50¢

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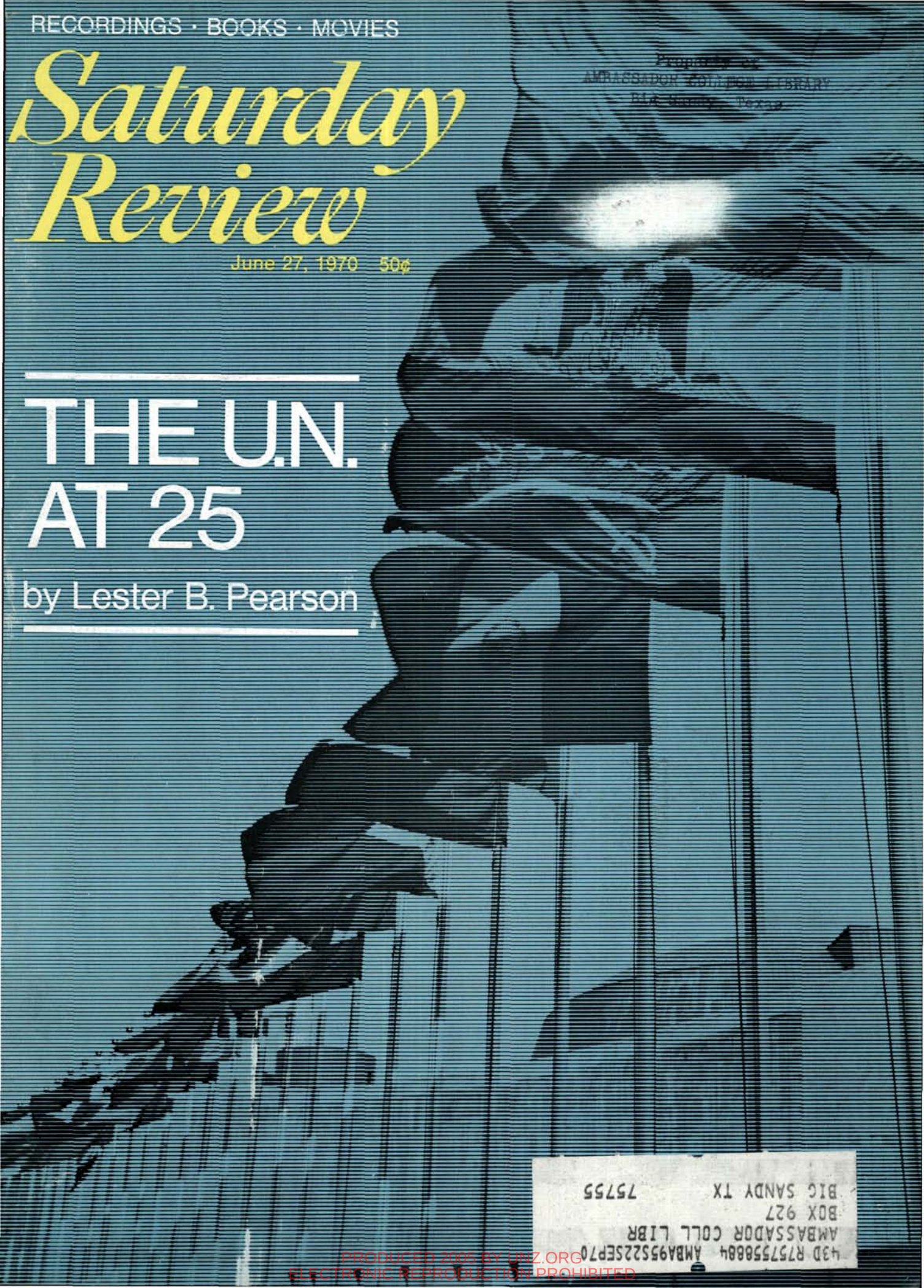

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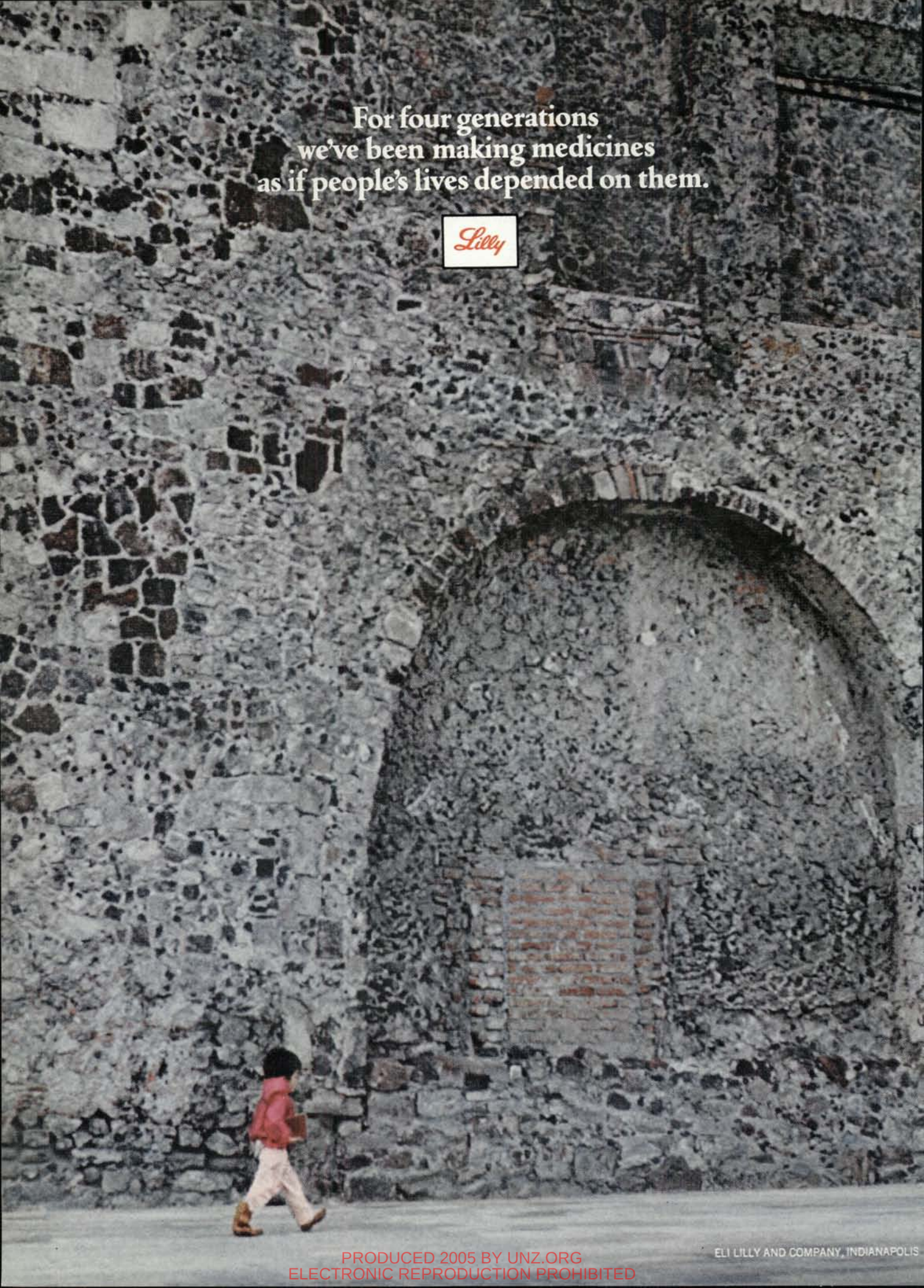

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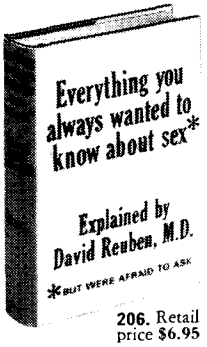

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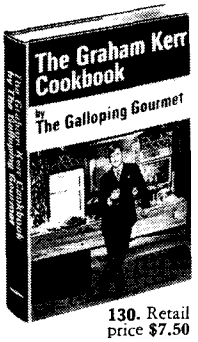

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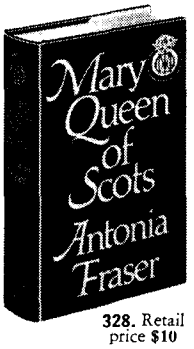

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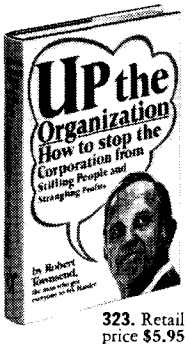

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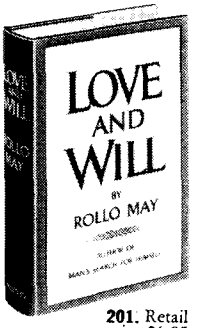

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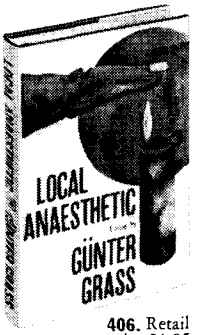

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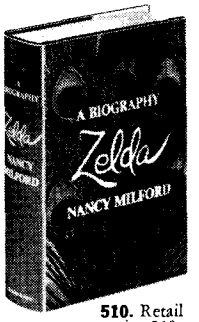

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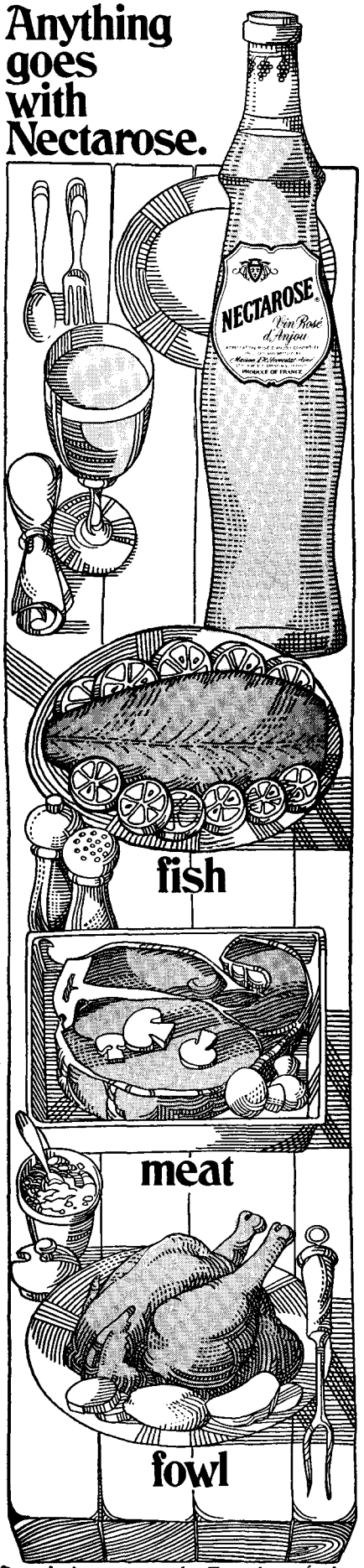

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What we're trying to say is this: our little car is just as much car as any big car, only it's smaller.

Big in a little way.

Naturally, there are times when littleness pays off, and we're making full use of those.

Vega will zip by gas stations where you were once a steady customer. While we can't give you a figure as yet, we can promise you that its mileage will be in the same neighborhood as the best of the economy cars. And that's a pretty good neighborhood.

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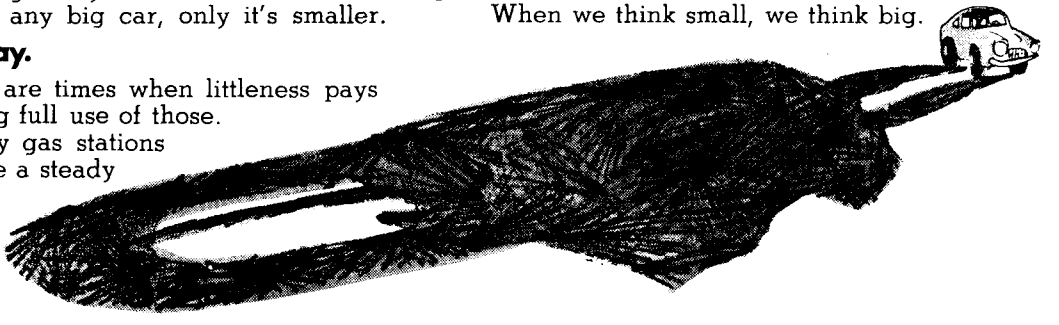

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MARK OF EXCELLENCE

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CHEVROLET

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

After H. R. 7121, What?

IT IS INEVITABLE that H. R. 7121, which proposes that physicians be allowed to incorporate, will be followed by H. R. 8146, which will enable them to go public.

We shift now to a scene some time in the future, and eavesdrop on a conversation between two sixty-year-old widows at the Holiday Hilton, one breezy October afternoon way down in South Carolina.

"I suppose, Maybelline, that if I was going to be fair, I must say that if it weren't for Dr. Rosenquist I wouldn't be here at all this season."

"I declare. He's the urologist?"

"Yes."

"I've never held any Dr. Rosenquist. Somehow my broker has shied away from urologists."

"Why? Urology is a Blue Chip Specialty."

"I know, I know, but do you remember the *Barrons* study on 'The Psychology of the No No Specialties'?"

"I never heard of it."

"You haven't? My word, it was such a sensation. I held Dr. Denker, the dermatologist—"

"I like dermatology."

"Well, how did we—I mean Conkin, Wilder, and Promeses—know that Denker was messing around with syphilology? That is a common subspecialty of dermatology. I know, I know, but *Dr. Denker?* My family *knew* that Dr. Denker. I never figured he worried about anything more serious than acne. Cleaned up my nephew in six months. Still, when the *Barrons* report broke, Dr. Denker lost eight points. *Eight* points—"

"Well then, I suppose you have to define a Blue Chip Specialty, if you're going to eliminate urology and dermatology from your portfolio."

"Ear, nose, and throat."

"*Just* ear, nose, and throat?"

"No, Maybelline, but don't laugh. My girlfriend put *all* her money in the Upper Respiratory Fund four years ago and she's sitting pretty."

"That's *one* instance. My cousin put a hundred thousand dollars into the Colon Fund, you know out of Omaha, and she's in Baden-Baden this very minute."

"Ear, nose and throat, orthopedics, pediatrics, pathology."

"Well, I agree that pathology should be the cornerstone of any balanced medical portfolio, but I'm sixty years old, Maybelline, the children are grown up. I don't mind an occasional flyer."

"Such as?"

"Open heart surgery."

"Do you know the mortality rate?"

"Of course, but I bought Dr. Reynolds at seventy-eight. He was selling one hundred forty times earnings. *One hundred forty times earnings.* You know, he's the one that's been transplanting buffalo hearts."

"We discussed it at our Investment Club. The buffalo is becoming extinct."

"Well, so are the patients, but my broker agrees that if only *one* patient stops rejecting a buffalo heart, Dr. Reynolds will break through a hundred—"

"Have you heard anything about Dr. Almanson?"

"Should I?"

"Well, he's just an internist. Reported eighty thousand dollars in 1964, a hundred and forty thousand in 1965, one million three hundred in 1966, twenty-four million in 1967—"

"He's just doing a lot of merging."

"Of course, they're all doing that, but he's an aggressive young fellow, only out of school six years. They say he hasn't picked up a stethoscope since the day he picked up his diploma. Conkin, Wilder, and Promeses feel once his earnings get over fifty million dollars he'd be a likely candidate for merger with the Boston Thoracic Group."

"Didn't they make the *Fortune* list of five hundred great corporations last year?"

"Did they? Nosed out Monsanto, Ferro Iron and Steel."

"Bless their hearts, but I tell you a wicked thing, Maybelline."

"What's that?"

"I've had this little mad money my daddy left me. Doesn't amount to a hill of beans, really, but I had a hunch—"

"Tell me."

"Everyone is interested in the Pill these days, all those newfangled contraceptives, and I said to myself: Aimee Lou, *Aimee Lou,* if you're going to be a riverboat gambler, then *be* one. If everyone is interested in smaller families, then there must be people interested in larger families or just *families.* I did some nosing around, and I found this Dr. Levy who specializes in fertility. That's all he does. He was selling at four. Ten times earnings, good cash flow, small secondary offering in 1966. I called up Mr. Wendell—he's one of the young brokers at my firm—and I said, 'Now don't tell Mr. Horosho, but I want two thousand shares of Dr. Levy.'

"'Is he over-the-counter?' he asked. And I said, 'Sure, a lot of good doctors are over-the-counter.' And then he said, 'Does Mr. Horosho know about this order?' And then I said, 'Well, I declare, it's *my* money. If I want to buy two thousand shares of Dr. Levy, I guess I have the right to buy two thousand shares of Dr. Levy.' He took the order."

"And?"

"The stock is sixty. It's splitting three for two, and Dr. Levy declared an extra dividend in the third quarter. That's a lot better than Werter, the great surgeon. Bought him at seventy-five, and the stock is going for thirty."

"Well, he got the shakes—"

"Sure. We all knew he did a little drinking, but *Standard and Poor's* simply stated: 'Has been known to take a social drink during his off-call hours.' The SEC suspended trading on Dr. Werter for four days. They discovered he was buying booze by the barrel."

"My daddy always said whisky was better by the barrel."

"Do you know anything about this Dr. Langley?"

"The house doctor at the hotel?"

"Yes."

"I've seen him. Nice looking man."

"I've been having trouble sleeping, and I thought I'd get him to prescribe something for me. He's listed on the American Exchange."

"I know, that worries me. I hate to put myself into the hands of somebody that isn't on the Big Board."

"I know how you feel, but this is just a little community."

"I know, Aimee Lou," Maybelline sighed. "It's hell to get old isn't it?"

—JOHN HAASE.

WIT TWISTER #170

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Though he _ _ _ _ _ _
punishment by law,
His efforts to _ _ _ _ _ _
himself were vain.
The sentence of the Court was
light, he saw,
Once he had _ _ _ _ _ _
with remorse and pain.

—A.S.

(*Answer on page* 53)

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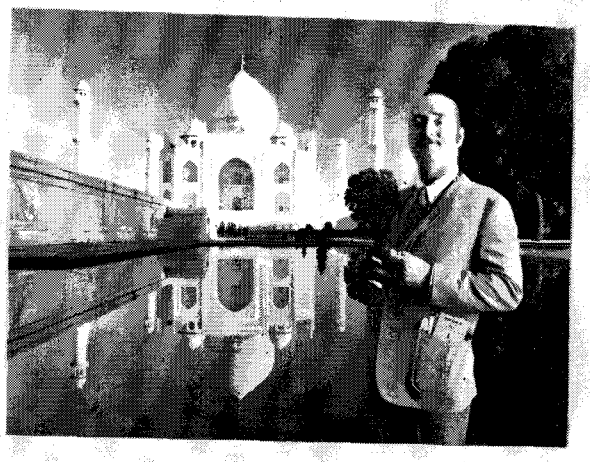
After Expo '70 and before Europe, see India.



You paid for it.

For many, Expo '70 is just the start of their long-in-the-dreaming, around-the-world holiday.

And we'd like to make it more so by suggesting the dream places of India you can visit, at no extra air fare, as long as you're in the neighborhood.

Like the Taj Mahal, the bazaars of Delhi, Ajanta's frescoes, the excitement of Bombay, or Udaipur.

You see, your around-the-world plane ticket entitles you to stop and stay in any or all of these legendary places. There's no extra air fare involved.

Once you are in India, the cost of staying and exploring its bewitching diversity is surprisingly reasonable. Deluxe, air-conditioned hotels (some were actual maharajah palaces), a car with a chauffeur or a domestic jet flight to a far-off place (say, a side trip to Kashmir in the Himalayas) are at prices among the lowest in the world.

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Do Write and Fear No Man

THERE WAS A TIME when Western Union used to advertise, "Don't Write, Telegraph." That's changed. Take the story in *The New York Times* concerning a man who telephoned a telegram to WU, addressed to President Nixon after the expansion of the war into Cambodia.

"Your bum lies—"

That's as far as he got when, according to the newspaper, the Western Union operator cut in: "I am sorry, Sir, you can't say that. If you have constructive criticism to offer, OK. But why not send a letter instead?"

The man persisted, so the operator took it up with her supervisor who finally OK'd the telegram, which read: YOUR BUM LIES ABOUT CAMBODIA MURDERED KENT FOUR. END WAR NOW.

A friend of this man, the paper says, sent another telegram: YOUR PERVERTED AND OBSCENE LYING WILL LEAD US ALL TO SLAUGHTER. END WAR NOW. This was accepted with no demurral.

Without going into the editorial policy of Western Union, one can surmise there are hawks and doves among the operators who will let you know where they stand the minute you start dictating a telegram. They telegraph their punches.

I like better what the first operator said, "Why not send a letter instead?" But why not a telegram *and* a letter? How would that go? First I telephone my wire, but there is a communication gap—the operator objecting to one word in the message.

To please her, I alter the telegram to read: DEAR MR. PRESIDENT: I ADORE THE WAY YOU HAVE EXPANDED THE WAR INTO CAMBODIA. I argue that this slightly alters the message I am conveying, and she suggests I write a letter. I say I will.

But first I send a wire: DEAR MR. PRESIDENT: IGNORE FIRST TELEGRAM, LETTER FOLLOWS. Then I write the letter:

"Dear Mr. President: By now you must have read both my telegrams, and are anxiously awaiting an explanation. What it was was, I had this thing with this Western Union operator, who is apparently an extreme and violent fan of your war.

"She objected to the second word in my message, which in the original version was not 'adore,' but 'I abhor the way you have expanded the war into Cambodia.' She objected to the word 'abhor'—well, not exactly the whole word, it was more the second syllable.

"Mr. President, I tried to make the meaning crystal clear to her, in a nonviolent way, of course, because you have always said you favor dissent if it's nonviolent. You will be pleased to know that my voice was lowered to a point where I was speechless.

"As her dialogue became more and more heated, she told me that instead of sending telegrams, I should get my hair cut, and stop burning down buildings on my campus, and even suggested that I was an aquaphobe.

"By this time I was pretty nervous. The thought came to me that maybe I was in violation of some obscure Morse Code of Morals, and would be subject to arrest by Western Union, or to some other wrath which God hath wrought.

"Outwardly, however, I kept my cool. And when the operator had simmered down to tepid, I apologized. I said it was my mistake. I hadn't meant to write 'abhor,' it should have been 'adore.'

"Anyway, in spite of my dissent, please be informed that my prayers are with you in your devout resolution to abort the killings. I would have sent that in a telegram, but I'm sure one word there would start her off again.

"And now, Mr. President, a little humor to lighten the awesome burden of your office. Censoring telegrams is not new. Thirty years ago, Noël Coward was in a play in New York. He received a letter from a friend in England saying he was coming to New York. Mr. Coward went to the telegraph office in his hotel and wrote a telegram: 'Looking forward to your arrival, will give you keys to the city.' He signed it 'Mayor LaGuardia.'

"The operator said, 'You are not allowed to use the name of a famous person to sign a telegram.'

"Mr. Coward tore it up and composed another: 'Looking forward to your arrival, will give you keys to the city.' He signed it 'Noël Coward.'

"The operator was furious. 'I said you can't sign the name of a famous person.'

" 'But, Madame,' said Mr. Coward, 'I *am* Noël Coward.'

" 'Oh, really?' she said. 'Well, in that case you can sign it 'Mayor LaGuardia.' "

"Well, Mr. President, I hope you got a chuckle out of that. I am respectfully yours, in peace, Spiro. (Ha, ha.)"

Think Tuesday.

Teacher's

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Road Test is an impartial magazine. At the time of this writing, it did not even take advertising. After exhaustive tests on the Renault 16, Road Test wound up suggesting that "all the automotive designers in Detroit be ordered to spend two weeks behind the wheel of this car in the hopes that their dormant imaginations might be sparked to life." Thank you, Road Test.

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Summer Repertory Schedule, 1970

AMERICAN CONSERVATORY THEATRE Geary and Marine's Memorial Theatres, San Francisco, California	*The Tempest* *The Tavern* *Hadrian VII* *The Rose Tattoo* *The Importance of Being Earnest* *Little Malcolm and His Struggle Against the Eunuchs* *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*	Through July 21 in daily rotation Eves. except Sun. Mats. Wed., Sat.
AMERICAN SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL THEATRE & ACADEMY Stratford, Connecticut	*All's Well That Ends Well* *Othello* *The Devil's Disciple*	Through Sept. 6 in daily rotation Eves. Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat. Mats. Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun.
ASOLO STATE THEATER COMPANY Sarasota, Florida	*Oh Dad, Poor Dad, . . .* *Doctor Faustus* *A Flea in Her Ear* *Life with Father* *All's Well That Ends Well* (July 10) *The Price* (July 31)	Through Sept. 6 in daily rotation Eves. except Mon. Mats. Wed., Sat.
CALIFORNIA SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL Los Gatos, California	*Hamlet* *The Merry Wives of Windsor*	July 7-Aug. 16 in daily rotation Eves. except Mon. Mats. Sat., Sun.
CHAMPLAIN SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL Burlington, Vermont	*Twelfth Night* *Edward II* *Troilus and Cressida*	July 21-Aug. 29 in daily rotation Eves. except Sun. Mats. Sat.
COLORADO SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL Boulder, Colorado	*Othello* *Richard III* *All's Well That Ends Well*	July 31-Aug. 16 in daily rotation Every evening
MINNESOTA THEATRE COMPANY Minneapolis, Minnesota	*The Venetian Twins* *Ceremonies in Dark Old Men* *The Tempest* *A Man's a Man* (Aug. 11) Solzhenitsyn play (Oct. 13)	To mid-December in daily rotation Eves. except Sun. Mats. Wed., Sat.
NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL New York, New York (evenings only)	*Henry VI, Part 1* June 23, 24, 27 July 3, 7, 17, 19, 22, 31 Aug. 7, 8, 14, 18, 23	*Henry VI, Part 2* June 25, 26, 28 July 4, 10, 18, 24, 28 Aug. 4, 9, 11, 19, 20, 26	*Richard III* July 1, 2, 5, 11, 12, 21, 29, 30 Aug. 6, 12, 13, 21, 22, 28
OREGON SHAKESPEAREAN FESTIVAL Ashland, Oregon	*The Merchant of Venice* *The Comedy of Errors* *Julius Caesar* *Richard II* *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead* (till Aug. 1) *The Imaginary Invalid* (Aug. 13)	June 26-Sept. 13 in daily rotation Every evening and Mats. every day
SAN DIEGO NATIONAL SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL San Diego, California	*Much Ado About Nothing* *Richard II* *Cymbeline* (July 9)	Through Sept. 13 in daily rotation Eves. except Mon. Mats. Wed., Sat., Sun.
STRATFORD SHAKESPEAREAN FESTIVAL OF CANADA Stratford, Ontario	*The Merchant of Venice* *The School for Scandal* *Hedda Gabler* *Cymbeline* (July 21)	Through Oct. 10 in daily rotation Eves. except Sun. Mats. Wed., Sat.
STRATFORD FESTIVAL COMPANY (at Avon Theatre) Stratford, Ontario	*The Architect and the Emperor of Assyria* *The Friends* *Vatzlav* (Aug. 11)	July 20-Sept. 5 in daily rotation Eves. except Sun. Mats. Wed., Sat.
UTAH SHAKESPEAREAN FESTIVAL Cedar City, Utah	*Twelfth Night* *The Merry Wives of Windsor* *Richard III*	July 16-Aug. 8 in daily rotation Eves. except Sun.
VICTORIA FAIR Victoria, British Columbia	*The Duchess of Malfi* *Androcles and the Lion* *Turcaret* (Aug. 4)	July 16-Sept. 5 in daily rotation Eves. except Sun.

ON THE LEFT appears *SR*'s annual listing of some of the summer repertory schedules for 1970. The proportion of Shakespearean to non-Shakespearean works is about fifty-fifty. Two of the Bard's less popular plays are listed for more than one production. There will be three of *All's Well That Ends Well* and two of *Cymbeline,* which may or may not have something to do with the recent rising interest in Women's Lib.

The list of festivals is far from complete. For instance at Odessa, Texas, in a reconstruction of Shakespeare's Globe Theater, *As You Like It, Hamlet,* and *The World of Carl Sandburg* will rotate evenings, except Mondays, through August 29. At Lakewood, Ohio (near Cleveland), the Great Lakes Shakespeare Festival will begin its season on July 10 with *The Merchant of Venice,* and, between then and its closing date of September 12, gradually will work into the repertory schedule *R.U.R.* (July 15), *Julius Caesar* (July 29), *Volpone* (August 12), and *The Comedy of Errors* (August 26). And Chicago's Ravinia Festival will bring Britain's Birmingham Repertory Theatre here with three productions: *Pygmalion* (July 25-30), *The Caretaker* (August 1-6 and 15-20), and *Tonight at 8:30* (August 8-13 and 22-27).

The Shaw Festival at Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario (near Buffalo), will present *Candida* (June 22-July 25), *G.K.C.: An Evening with Tony van Bridge as Gilbert Keith Chesterton* (July 31-August 2), and the North American premiere of the 1969 London hit *Forty Years On* (August 3-September 6). In Stockbridge, Massachusetts, the enterprising Berkshire Theatre Festival will offer two new plays. It will open with Thomas Berger's *Other People* (July 1-12), and then after doing a classic, *The Misanthrope* (July 15-August 2), it will stage the premiere of Eugene Ionesco's *We All Fall Down* (August 5-16). The BTF will also give studio showings of experimental works.

For those adventurous theatergoers who enjoy seeing promising new playwrights at the beginning of their careers, the Sixth Annual Playwrights' Conference at the Eugene O'Neill Memorial Theatre Center at Waterford, Connecticut (near New London), will offer staged readings of Merritt Abrash's *The Film Club,* Herbert Appelman's *A Perfect Gentleman,* Michael R. David's *A Couple O'Charleys,* Donald R. Flynn's *The Petition,* Rolf Fjelde's *Rafferty One by One,* Rose Goldenberg's *Gandhiji,* Robert Gordon's *Socrates Is Mortal,* Richard L. Hoffman's *Modern Times,* Robert Ross's *Cry of the Organ,* John Scott's *Ride a Black Horse,* and Jon Surgal's *Good Morning Blues.* The conference will run from July 6 through August 2.

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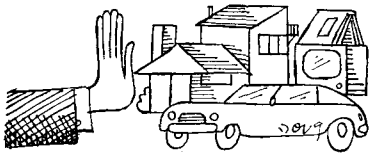
Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

The most impressive speaker at the American Booksellers Association Convention was John Gardner (*The Recovery of Confidence*). We cornered Mr. Gardner and told him he was our candidate for President. "Of," he asked, "what?" "Of," we replied, "us."

Less impressive but likable was Patrick Moynihan (*Toward a National Urban Policy*). Our favorite story was his account of Secretary of State Rogers's impatience at a morning briefing. "Don't you," Mr. Rogers asked his aides, "have *any* good news?" "Well, Mr. Secretary," came the reply from one, "there's one item here that says the Aswan Dam is leaking."

English novelist Mary Stewart (*The Crystal Cave*) was asked if she was as famous in this country as she is in England. Robert Cromie sprang loyally to her defense. "Oh," he said, "she's big all over." Miss Stewart smiled. "Why," she suggested gently, "don't you just say I'm broad-based?"

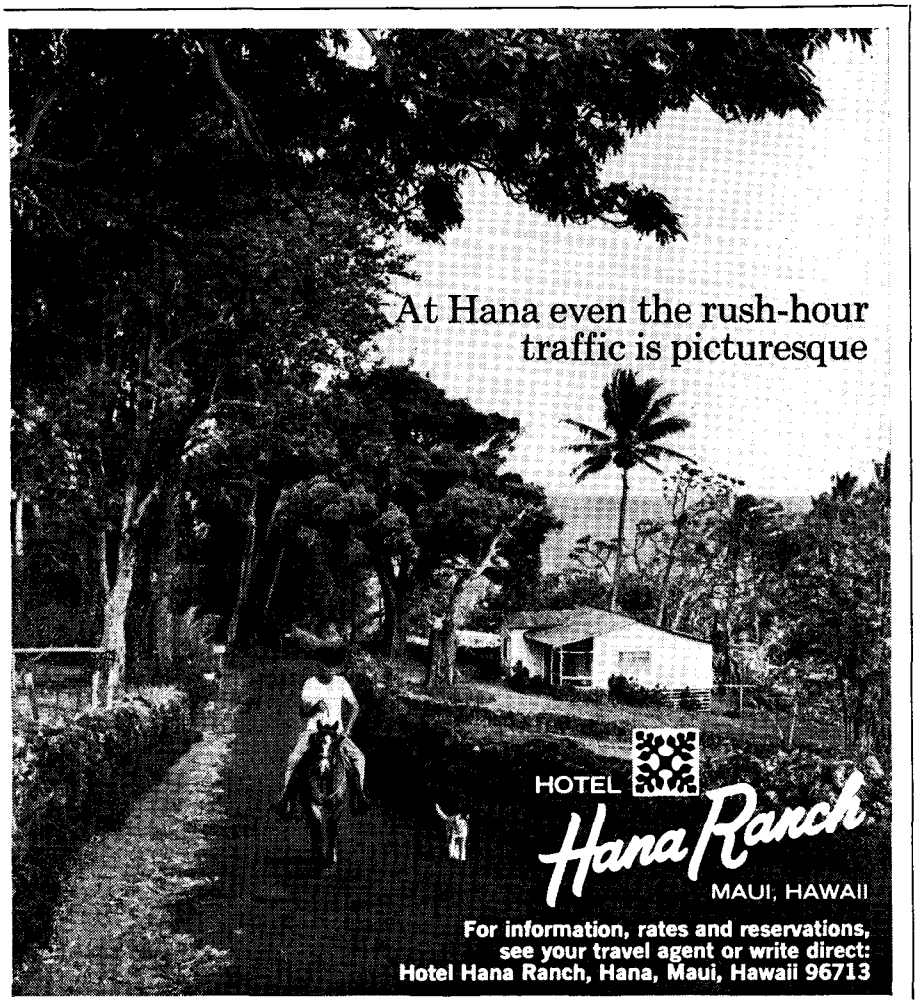


Star interviewee was the irrepressible Buckminster Fuller (*I Seem to Be a Verb*). "Ownership," Mr. Fuller told us, "is going to be onerous—to such an extent that you will really give things up—your automobile, your house, all sorts of things." At this, he was fondly challenged by *SR*'s architecture columnist Wolf Von Eckhardt. "If ownership is onerous," Mr. Von Eckhardt smiled, "why should people buy your book?" "They shouldn't," promptly replied Fuller. "I made up my mind years ago. Either make money or make sense. You can't do both."

Fuller was the only author to get, after his press conference, a standing round of applause. But he hardly heard it. He was already jogging down the corridor on the way to his next appointment.

Elsewhere among the not-so-young, but spry, fry, the eighty-two-year-old Maurice Chevalier (*I Remember It Well*) was welcoming visitors to his hotel suite. "You cannot," he told us, "go on after eighty improving much. You can only stay there."

The most outspoken author turned out to be ex-Jet defensive back Johnny Sample, whose *Confessions of a Dirty Ballplayer* will be published in September. Among Mr. Sample's targets are Edward Bennett Williams, Sonny Jurgensen, Sam Huff, black athletic recruiter Buddy Young, and Otto Graham. "When I first came up to pro ball from the University of Maryland," Sample recalled, "Otto Graham wrote a letter saying that I was a bad influence on the other players and he didn't think there was a place for me in pro ball. You can just imagine how I felt—a black kid with no shoes, practically—with nothing. I never forgot it." Sample also defended his occasional attendance at the race track. "I think my private life is my own unless I'm doing something illegal," he said. "Take the race track. It can't be such a bad thing to do. The President of the United States bet on the Derby. And," Sample concluded triumphantly, "had the winner, too."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The party of the convention was Time-Life's reception for its *Russian Cookbook*—at, of all places, the Russian Embassy. The second secretary of the embassy graciously answered our queries about the lavishness of it all. "This house," he told us, "it was built by your Mr. Pullman for his daughter and her fiancé. But unfortunately they went down on your *Titanic*. Then for years the house it was vacant—it was regarded as a house of tragedy. Then the Czarist government took it, and for them also it was a tragedy." We asked the second secretary if this was the most elegant party ever held there. "No," he said, "that was the one in 1933. Then they had huge bowls of caviar and sturgeon from the Volga and the Czarist silver on display. But so many people took the silver—you know, for souvenirs—that they never had another like it." We thanked the secretary and asked if we could have his name. He thought for a moment. "One would rather not," he finally said. "One would rather not be associated with the caviar and the sturgeon and so on and so on."

Finally, perhaps the most memorable interviewee of all was Southern liberal William Bradford Huie—author of the Martin Luther King assassination story *He Slew the Dreamer*. "The Gallup poll shows," Mr. Huie said, "that 84 per

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cent of the American people still want to believe in a conspiracy for all three of our assassinations. But Dr. King's was not a conspiracy. You have to go back to your Dostoevsky. Ray killed Dr. King to be somebody. Ray was a nothing—in prison for the fourth time, he didn't even have status among prisoners. He wasn't, for example, a murderer or a bank robber—they have status."

Incredible as it may seem, Ray's principal desire was to be on the FBI's "Most Wanted" list. In Toronto, after the crime, he was almost caught because, on the first Sunday when he knew he would make the list, he went from bar to bar to find which would be

showing *The FBI* on TV. The trouble was, Huie said, most of the bars were showing *The Ed Sullivan Show*. Huie also told us that Ray admitted to him he had already decided to kill a famous good man before he picked out Dr. King. "Who else?" Huie asked. "If he murdered a man who wasn't famous, he couldn't make the list. Nor could he have made it with a famous evil man. It had to be a famous good man. In the end, it all boiled down to Dr. King.

"We can expect more of these killings," Huie warned. "More and more." At this we asked Mr. Huie if he himself wasn't contributing to this awful cycle, and, since he had paid Ray money, wasn't he also, in one sense, going into partnership with the cycle? "Well," he said, "perhaps I am. But at least now we know about what's happening. Otherwise we might still have believed it was a conspiracy. At least now we know the type we have to protect ourselves against—the outsider who wants recognition."

And did he, we asked finally, protect himself. "I carry a gun," Mr. Huie said quietly. "And in doing things like going into and out of my house, I am very, very prudent."

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From *HORIZON*, Autumn 1969

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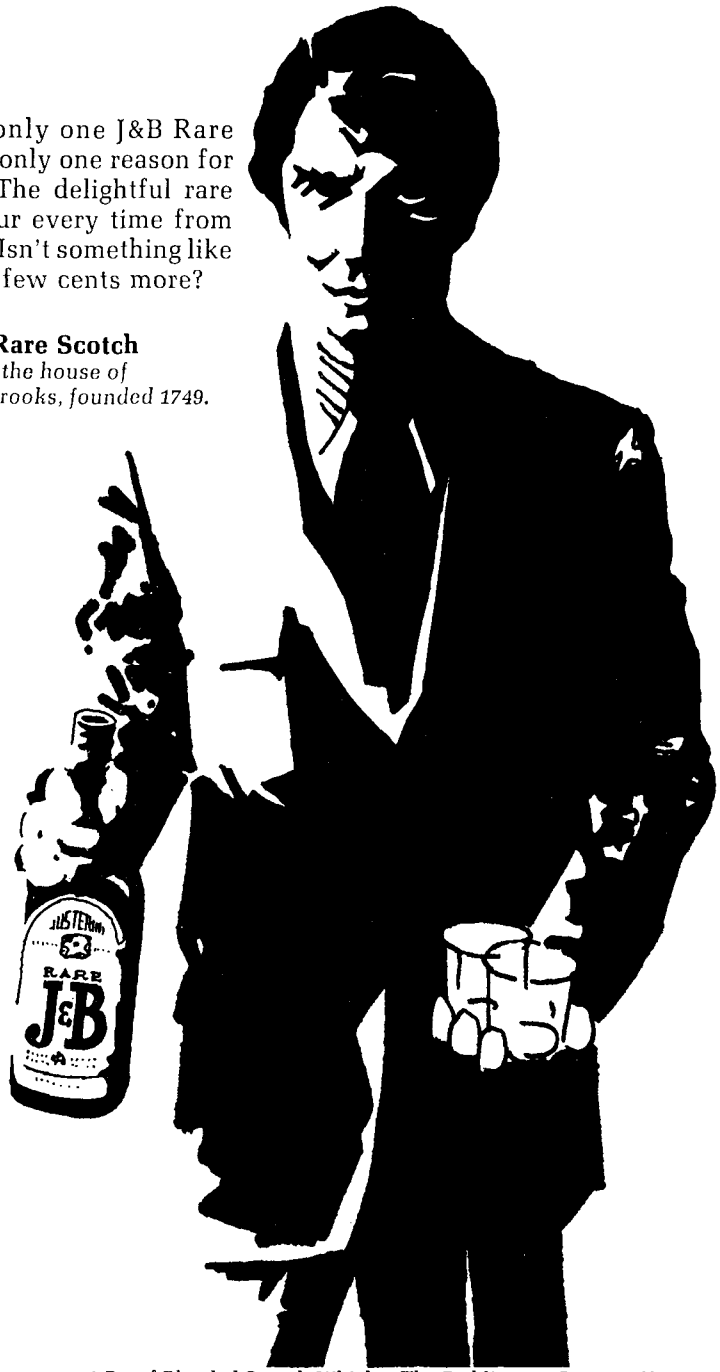

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"Before the name of Beethoven we must all bow in reverence."
Giuseppe Verdi

"The impetuous fury of his strength, which he could quite easily contain and control, but often would not, and the uproariousness of his fun, go beyond anything of the kind to be found in the work of other composers."
George Bernard Shaw

"Dante (is) the great Italian; Shakespeare, the great Englishman; Beethoven, the great German." *Victor Hugo*

"He developed (the symphony) to its highest point, doing for it what Rembrandt did for painting."
Arthur Bodansky
Metropolitan Opera Conductor

"He was ugly and half crazy."
Magdelana Willmann
In rejecting his proposal

"The great musician of all times."
Olin Downes
Former N.Y. Times music critic

"He has never learned anything, and he can do nothing in decent style."
Albrechtsberger
His music teacher in 1797

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"He was a Titan, wrestling with the gods." *Richard Wagner*

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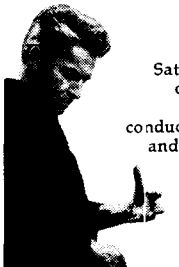

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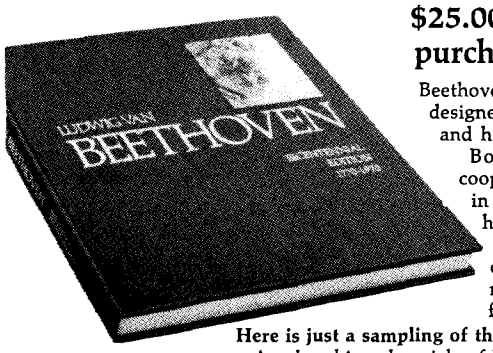

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THE U.N. AT 25

by Lester B. Pearson

When the Abbé Sieyès was asked in his later days what he had done during the French Revolution, he replied, "I survived." The United Nations has survived twenty-five years of international tension and cold war—no mean achievement in itself. A cynic might add that the world has also survived twenty-five years of the United Nations! Most people, however, even those who worry about its future, still feel that the world organization remains an indispensable international institution. Perhaps the best way to greet the silver anniversary of the U.N.'s founding is without cynicism or complacency, but with a mixture of satisfaction and disappointment.

There have been some very important achievements during the first quarter-century. But failures and frustrations have warned us against trying to build an international structure of peace upon grandiose but shadowy hopes instead of on the realities of the possible. No man is the poorer—though he may be the sadder—for being shorn of his illusions. We have lost some of ours about the United Nations, without, I hope, losing our belief in the necessity of an effective world institution for international cooperation and action.

It is interesting to compare the glowing words used by officials at the founding conference at San Francisco in 1945 with those spoken at the tenth anniversary celebration, when there was an assessment of failure and of achievement and when hope was mixed with anxiety. It is even more significant to compare these earlier speeches with those made in the General Assembly of 1969, when the prevailing mood was expressed succinctly by U Thant: "The U.N. has ten years to become effective or disappear."

The main reason for this decline of optimism is the lack of progress made in ensuring peace and security. The balance of nuclear terror—not collective security—has become the effective deterrent against a major war—effective in the sense that local warfare, endemic since 1945, has not resulted in world war. The realization that there can be no victor in a nuclear war, only universal destruction, has been our main guarantee of peace. It is likely to remain so until we find something better. But peace sits uneasily on hydrogen bombs, and it is disappointing that the U.N. has found no better foundation for it. This, however, is no reason for retreat, but for a stronger international effort, to be made without illusions and without despair, based on a realism that does not betray but buttresses idealism.

The high hopes of San Francisco were based on two main assumptions: first, that the permanent members of the Security Council could and would work together; second, that measures to enforce peace could and would be imposed by the council through organized international force—except, of course, when a great power itself was the culprit. These assumptions soon collapsed, through no fault of the U.N.'s. Indeed, if U.N. members had tried to enforce decisions on certain controversial issues, such as the veto, then the resulting failure might have been fatal to the organization.

We must never forget that the U.N. is not a superstate. The founders made it very clear that it was not meant to become one; it does not override the sacred principle of the legal, sovereign equality of its members—however meaningless that sovereignty might be for most of them in the control of their national destinies. The U.N. has, at best, moved only a short distance from the traditional concept of unrestricted national sovereignty to the idea of voluntary acceptance of limitations on that sovereignty in the interest of security—from the pressures and realities of power politics to the ideals of international cooperation. The situation cannot be otherwise when members are still governed primarily by considerations of national interest, power, and prejudice. It is from these influences that we must, in Lincoln's words, "disenthrall ourselves" if the United Nations is to become an effective international force. Little could be done to move in this direction in 1945, and not much more is possible in 1970. But surely we now know from experience that any international organization eventually will become politically helpless if it is merely a platform to pro-

LESTER B. PEARSON is former Prime Minister of Canada and a Nobel Peace Prize winner.

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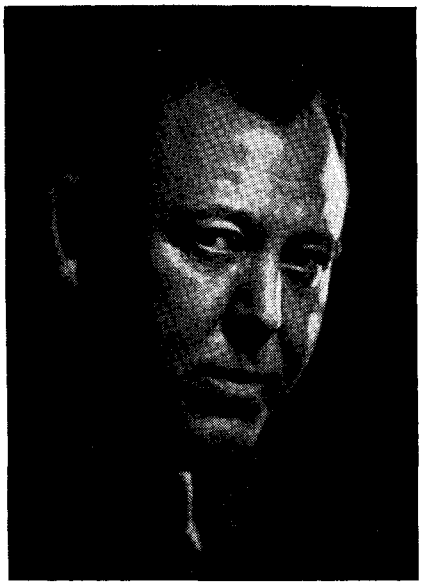

—*Photos from Pix*

Trygve Lie, 1946-1953 **Dag Hammarskjöld, 1953-1961** **U Thant, 1961-present**

"The task of the Secretary General is the most impossible job on earth."

mote national policy. Nor will we be able to do anything about this until there is a stronger sense of international commitment and responsibility than there is at present among the members, especially the most powerful. If this realization is not forthcoming, the United Nations, like other international associations of the past, will diminish and ultimately disappear.

More members now feel that this disintegration will occur. No eloquent orations can conceal the fact that there is growing disillusionment and discouragement. From the beginning the big powers have used the U.N. primarily for national purposes, good and bad. Now medium-sized and smaller nations, which have most to gain from a universal institution and have been the U.N.'s strongest supporters, are becoming more skeptical and at times use the organization for the irresponsible promotion of their own national ends.

There are those who feel that the U.N. should be given more than twenty-five years to bring about the Millennium. I agree that we have no right to be impatient or too critical. The U.N. was born of the revulsion that followed the horror and destruction of World War II, and of our hopes of lasting peace after victory. Its early life saw the replacement of these emotions by the fears and conflicts of the cold war, complicated by the change and confusion that followed major upheavals in Asia and Africa. It was a hard time to grow up at all, let alone grow strong.

If the U.N. has not realized all our hopes for safeguarding the peace, it has been more successful in acting as a center for harmonizing the actions of nations and as a world forum in which governments reveal policies and practices to the international community. With the Security Council so often frozen by international suspicions, it has become more important to use other diplomatic and negotiating resources of the United Nations. Often the participants in a dispute want a settlement more than they can admit publicly, and the U.N. can provide the mechanisms to reach agreement informally and confidentially, without the frustrations and provocations of public debate and official exchanges. The U.N. could be especially useful in this way to the two superpowers. The United States and the Soviet Union have learned that even they are confronted with "areas of impotence" and "uncertainty" in which the U.N. can be of service to them, perhaps through informal meetings conducted under the aegis of the Secretary General or Security Council.

These procedures could be relied upon more if bipolarity diminishes, but only if effective discussions and negotiations are involved. In recent years, unfortunately, an easing of bipolar tensions too often has been followed by collective futility in the Security Council. In the General Assembly, which should provide avenues to more active involvement in smaller groups, discussion often has led only to the passing of meaningless, unwise, or even illegal resolutions. The more this is done, the less attention will be paid to good resolutions. Gresham's law operates in international politics.

A similar weakness is now becoming evident in many decisions of the Security Council. The two superpowers sometimes find themselves in agreement, more often privately than publicly, on certain issues which reach that body. An identity of interest, because of their unique position of power in the world, has now begun to appear alongside earlier cold-war divisions. As a result, the council, with the agreement of its two dominant members, on occasion genuinely will try to seek a consensus and avoid a confrontation, not only in direct policy conflicts between the superpowers but in other cases where a dispute could spread to other parties.

When this protective method avoids "public display of complete disagreement and deadlock," it can be most helpful. This is not the case, however, when it results merely in "paper unanimity"—resolutions that carry unanimously only because they are ambiguous and can lend themselves later to conflicting interpretations that can create dissension and accusations of deceit.

I mention these factors to point out that there may be future opportunities for the U.N. in the fields of mediation and negotiation. If it fails to exploit these situations when possible, or if it exploits them unwisely, or if it merely papers over cracks when repair work

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"You spend your golden years your way, and I'll spend mine my way!"

is essential, then confidence in the organization will decline further.

The United Nations can be effective as a "town meeting of the world," where the voice of all, especially the formerly submerged millions of Asia and Africa, can be heard, where the conscience of mankind can express itself. There is no doubt about the value of this communicating and informing function of the U.N. if it is used responsibly. Even when provocative and tendentious, debate can expose many things that otherwise would be allowed to infect and fester. However, if such exchanges are to be curative, nationalistic and ideological propaganda must be avoided. The town meeting of the world performs no useful function when it becomes merely a cockpit for verbal battles or, at the other extreme, a platform for pleasant platitudes.

It is precisely because of what the United Nations has done and can do that we should worry about the weaknesses that could prevent it from acting effectively, at least in the political sphere. The world is continuing to change with bewildering rapidity, and any institution, national or international, must adapt or disappear. I realize adjustment is more difficult for the U.N. because of the rigidity of its charter and because it has no supranational existence. It can act only by the decision of its member states. Obviously, therefore, the situation requires a common purpose, a common will, a developing common viewpoint among those members, especially between the superpowers.

Achieving this common will is very far from being realized, and efforts to promote it by amending the charter can be vetoed. So what do we do? One course is to carry on as we have been, in the hope that the international situation may in time improve to the point where the defects and weaknesses of the charter that now seem so glaring will become academic, and where the unanimity of the great powers will be expressed positively by action for peace, and not merely negatively by inaction against war. Until that day comes, it may be argued, the greatest service the United Nations can perform is to keep alive, to provide a meeting place and platform where all nations are given at least the chance of talking out their differences. Meanwhile, changes can be made in the organization as, hopefully, its foundation becomes more solidly based on better international relations among states.

A second course, at the other extreme, would be to insist on the necessary amendments of the charter. If they are vetoed (as major recommendations probably would be), the present organization could be scrapped and a new one formed with a workable charter. If any state wishes to stay out, that would be its privilege and its responsibility. This second procedure admittedly is drastic and should be considered only as a desperate last resort. But, nevertheless, structural revisions should be pressed for. They may well be necessary if the United Nations is to survive and fulfill a meaningful function.

So changes must be attempted. The Security Council should make another and major effort to implement Chapter VII of the Covenant, under which member states are to make armed forces available for collective enforcement action. There is some indication that negotiations to this end might now be productive. We know, for instance, that the United States, the Soviet Union, and Britain have agreed to provide security for those members that might be threatened by nuclear attack after signing the Nonproliferation Treaty.

The Security Council should be enlarged to reflect the increased membership, especially from Asia and Africa. It should meet more often and deal on a week-to-week basis with many political questions that are now reserved for the annual Assembly session. The Assembly now so large and unwieldy should be made more of a forum to debate and clarify great issues, for condemning actions that contravene basic principles of the charter, and for setting up and supervising smaller bodies for specific tasks. I also feel that to intensify the feeling of world organization more Assembly meetings, perhaps half, should be conducted away from the New York headquarters.

In addition, there are "new fields and opportunities where U.N. action could be of great value. If governments give them adequate support—which means more than speeches and reports, more than using these opportunities mainly as an escape from more difficult and controversial international responsibilities—then the results could be of great importance. Moreover, as some of these areas are less political and therefore less controversial than other issues that have divided the world, endangered peace, and frustrated the U.N., there is a greater chance for gain.

Members, especially larger nations, can ensure that the organization and its agencies play a more active role in attacking economic underdevelopment. No long-term problem facing the world is more important than this, and, apart from the strengthening of peace and security, the U.N. could perform no greater service to humanity than to help the emerging nations to enter fully into the new technological and post-industrial world. The U.N. and its agencies have already done much in this field, but not enough. Their efforts should be increased and coordinated. A new aid relationship should be worked out, based on cooperation and partnership. For this to occur, there must be greater international management of assistance than at present.

Another matter, closely related to

(*Continued on page* 42)

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After Many a Summer Dies the Majority

by RICHARD J. WALTON

Most Americans still believe the myth that the United States, whatever its other faults in international life, is a stanch, unswerving supporter of the United Nations. As with most myths there is some truth to this, but not complete truth. The U.N., to be sure, is an American invention with FDR the father and Wilson the grandfather. The United States has contributed as much, or more, money to the U.N. as all the other members combined. President after American President has pledged both genuine and generous support to the U.N. In short, without the U.S. there would be no U.N.

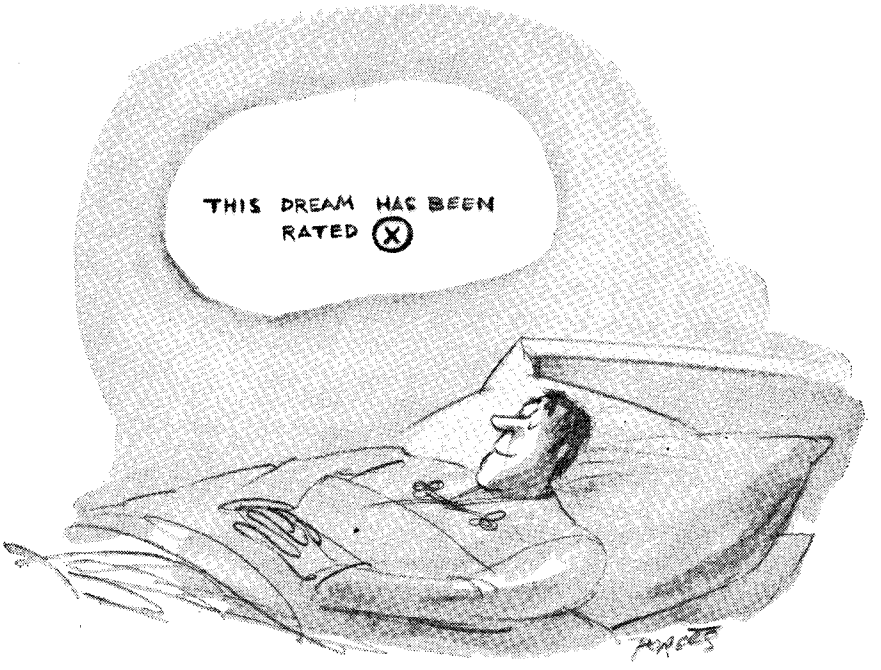
Nor is there any doubt that the U.N. has been assaulted constantly by the Soviet Union. Many would agree with the words of Professor Inis L. Claude of the University of Michigan, perhaps the pre-eminent American scholar on the United Nations: "Through the history of the United Nations, the United States and the Soviet Union have undertaken, respectively, to enhance and to frustrate the effectiveness of the United Nations as an operative mechanism." One can see the heads in Foggy Bottom nodding in agreement, for that is what the State Department has been arguing for years. But Professor Claude continues: "At one level of analysis, this might be taken to mean that the United States has been dedicated, and the Soviet Union opposed, to the development of a potent instrument of world order. At another, and deeper, level these contrasting policies might be interpreted as reflecting the differing estimates of the two major powers as to their capability for directing and controlling the activities of the organization."

This statement contrasts with the conventional view that American support of the U.N. is not merely a reflection of enlightened self-interest but a higher act in response to the higher purposes of the world organization. This impression is entirely natural and has been cultivated by successive administrations, although President Nixon has been chary of even rhetorical support, as was President Johnson toward the end of his term. But critics of present American foreign policy should not go so far as to accuse the U.S. of complete cynicism in the cultivation of this "higher purpose" belief. In the early years of the cold war Washington genuinely believed that its purposes were identical with those of the U.N. and that it was the Soviet Union which sinned against the principles of international morality embodied in the U.N. Charter.

Thus, the United States used the United Nations as an instrument in its struggle with the Soviet Union. The U.N. existed and so did the cold war; and at the time it was unavoidable that whichever country could use the U.N. would. For the next fifteen to twenty years the United States commanded an unchallengeable majority in the Security Council and the General Assembly and regarded the organization not only as the embodiment of international ideals but as a political mechanism meant to be used by those nations with the power and the skill.

The roles of the United States and Soviet Union were cast by circumstance. The Americans emerged as champions of the U.N. because they had the votes, and the Soviets, regardless of the merit or frequent lack of merit of their arguments, emerged as villains because they didn't have the votes. Therefore, Russia brandished its veto in the Security Council more than a hundred times, to the frequent condemnation, often justified, of the government and people of the United States. Yet, curious as it may seem to some, the veto saved the U.N. If the Soviet Union had not been able to gain minimal protection for its interests through use of the veto, it no doubt would have quit the organization. No Soviet Union, no United Nations, at least not in any real sense. Nor should the frequent dismay over Soviet vetoes obscure the fact that at San Francisco the United States demanded the veto fully as much as the Soviet Union.

These assertions about American use of the U.N. should be documented. Perhaps the most significant example is the familiar China question. In 1949, when the Communists gained unquestioned control of the mainland, the United States blocked its seating and preserved the representation of the Taiwan government, as it continues to do. This is not merely a matter of internal U.N. politics; it has always been a matter of profound importance to an unsettled world. There is, of course, the legal, and some would say moral, question. The government in Peking is the government of China and as a matter of course should have taken the Chinese seat in the U.N. Then there is the philosophic question. The U.N. aspires to universality, and it can hardly be universal when a nation of 700 million is not a member. There is another point that is infinitely more important: It is in the interest of the U.N. and world peace that China be a member.



RICHARD J. WALTON is former U.N. correspondent for Voice of America and author of *The Remnants of Power: The Tragic Last Years of Adlai Stevenson.*

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Both the Korean and Vietnam wars might never have occurred had China been a member, or they might have taken a less disastrous course. As for the future, progress on disarmament, nuclear testing, the spread of nuclear weapons, and a political settlement in Asia are all difficult, perhaps impossible, without Chinese participation.

Then there is the case of Korea, which is often cited as a U.N. success story. However justified President Truman's decision to intervene, it was a cold war decision, unilaterally made. Yet Washington decided that it would be politically advantageous to intervene under the U.N. flag, and it had the votes to get U.N. authorization. Thus, for use of the U.N. flag and a token number of contingents from other countries, the U.S. made the U.N. a party to the war and ruled out whatever role the organization might have played as mediator.

But the U.N. became even more involved. When Truman decided to intervene, he, as he wrote in his *Memoirs*, "wanted it clearly understood that our operations in Korea were designed to restore peace there and to restore the border." In short, Truman's goal was to restore the situation as it existed before the North Korean invasion. However, once the American and South Korean armies repelled the nearly successful North Korean invasion, there was a complete turnabout and the allied armies poured northward. Truman then changed his goal and decided not to stop at the 38th parallel but to conquer North Korea. Because of American dominance in the U.N. General Assembly, he again got authorization. It was one thing for the U.N., even as a cold war partisan, to take part in an operation to restore the previous situation; it was quite another to participate in the attempted conquest of North Korea. The U.N. had shifted from defensive participation to offensive participation, and in the face of China's blunt warnings that it would intervene if American (U.N.) troops crossed into North Korea. Intervene it did, of course, and the result is basic to the continuing hostility between China on the one hand and the United States and the U.N. on the other.

All through the hottest years of the cold war, the United States used its dominance of the U.N. as a political instrument—in Iran, Greece, Czechoslovakia, Berlin, Hungary, the Congo, Cuba, the Gulf of Tonkin, or for various peacekeeping missions, and so forth. To be sure, the Russians, even without the votes to pass resolutions, often made use of the U.N. as a forum for propaganda attacks on the U.S. The point is not that the United States was wrong in these disputes with Russia, for it was very often right, but that the

U.N. was immobilized when it might have had some useful effect as a mediator. To quote Claude again:

> On the one hand, leaders of the United States valued the organization, and encouraged the American public to value it, as a reliable instrument of American policy in opposition to the Soviet Union; on the other hand, they insisted that Soviet leaders should regard the United Nations as an impartial agency of the world community, ready to serve neutrally in the solution of conflicts, and entitled to the support of all states.

But by the mid-Sixties the circumstances had begun to change. Newly independent African and Asian states had flooded into the U.N. in such numbers that they dominated voting in the General Assembly. No longer did the U.S. have its automatic majority; so, not surprisingly, the American attitude began to change. American officials, particularly in private, began to talk disapprovingly of irresponsible bloc voting and disparagingly of such nations as Chad and Gabon having the same vote in the Assembly as the United States. The eloquent advocate of majority rule began to question it, although no one could recall the U.S. ever terming the Latin American bloc irresponsible or remember the State Department disparaging the right of Paraguay or Nicaragua to have the same vote as the United States. The U.S. has also been influenced by its inability, despite several tries, to use the U.N. to lessen its responsibility for the Vietnam War.

Again, as was true decades earlier, circumstances dictated the roles. The United States, sometimes finding itself in an unaccustomed minority, particularly when the Afro-Asian bloc passed a resolution calling on the Western nations to match their words on racism with specific, concrete deeds, has discovered that the majority can be irresponsible. And the Soviet Union, finding itself, on colonial and racial questions at least, with an unaccustomed majority, sees new virtue in majority rule.

This change in the American attitude was dramatically demonstrated on March 17 of this year when the United States exercised its veto for the first time. It had always been assumed that the United States would cast its first veto only in momentous circumstances, only when paramount American interests were at stake. But the first American veto seemed unnecessary. The U.S. quite understandably shared Britain's dismay at the Security Council resolution condemning the U.K. for not using force to put down the white minority government in Rhodesia and ordering all states to cut all relations with Rhodesia. But Britain's negative vote alone would have sufficed to kill the Afro-Asian resolution. Casting its first veto on a matter of secondary concern, the U.S. seemed to be indicating a tougher line in regard to the Afro-Asian bloc.

The erosion of American strength in the U.N.—although the U.S. remains by far the most powerful single nation—has been accompanied, quite naturally, by a de-escalation of American rhetoric. Where once every major speech by President or Secretary of State contained eloquent phrases of American support for the U.N., such language has largely disappeared in the last two or three years. Indeed, when Mr. Nixon appeared before the General Assembly last fall, he barely mentioned the U.N., even in its own house, nor did he give it more than passing attention in his recent State of the World message. It appears now that the U.S. has joined the U.S.S.R. in believing that although the U.N. certainly has its uses, it can hardly be relied on as major instrument of foreign policy. Perhaps after a while in which neither superpower can use the U.N. as the U.S. once did, both will conclude that a more neutral U.N. can serve a very real function as mediator, buffer, go-between—something less than was hoped for in San Francisco but more than the organization had been during the bitter cold war years.

And what are we to think, those millions of us who have long believed or wanted to believe that the U.N. has no better friend than the United States? Again, Professor Claude: "Most of us Americans have convinced ourselves that we are stanch and dependable supporters of international organization. The truth is, I think, that we do not yet know whether this is so—we have not had a chance to find out. The question of our attitude toward the world organization should be put to us after we have accumulated a considerable experience of losing rather than winning in the United Nations, of having it conduct programs of which we disapprove, of having it press us to pay assessments in support of activities that we think damage rather than serve our national interests. Then, and only then, shall we be able to say how deep our commitment is to the United Nations or to the principle of an organized world system."

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A Call to Leadership

by CLARK M. EICHELBERGER

The United States may well be the most positive or negative voice in the United Nations' commemoration of its twenty-fifth anniversary this fall. The General Assembly will meet in an atmosphere of grave concern for mounting world problems and with a growing lack of confidence in its own ability to help solve them. It is hoped that after serious discussion the delegates will adopt a declaration of intent and a renewal of faith.

In the past twenty-five years man has had one point of universal concentration—the United Nations. It has made the difference between sporadic fighting and a third world war. With U.N. help 40 per cent of the world's population emerged from colonialism and formed independent states that have become members of the organization. The Universal Declaration of Human Rights has become a source of law. The United Nations is the beginning of an international parliamentary system and provides a foundation for the formulation of world law. U.N. agencies constantly have tried to narrow the gap between developed and developing states and to further all areas of human activity from communication to atomic energy.

Today, however, despite the fact that there are more U.N. meetings than ever before, there is a feeling that members have less sense of common unity. This is what U Thant is referring to when he says that, if a global partnership is not forged within the next ten years, he fears that "problems will have reached such staggering proportions that they will be beyond our capacity to control."

In the record of U.N. successes and failures, the role of the United States has been one of great leadership and sad neglect. The U.S. played an important part in drafting the charter. It invited the U.N. to locate on American soil. Many of the most important ideas contributed to the organization have been by American statesmen and citizens. For example, the United States suggested extending the law of the charter and international law into outer space. It has supported the U.N. in those crucial moments when aggression had to be stopped and peacekeeping efforts inaugurated.

On the other hand, the U.S. government at times treats the United Nations as only one item in its foreign policy considerations rather than as a world society to which it is bound by charter. In his State of the World message, President Nixon spoke of partnership with friends and allies but not in a global sense. Consequently, the speech contained a section on the United Nations, as though the organization were an isolated entity. Much of the address dealt with world situations in which the U.N. is involved, but this was not mentioned.

The fact that one member of the United Nations has been waging war in Indochina for more than five years with as many as 500,000 troops casts a pall over the U.N. organization and tragically weakens American leadership within it.

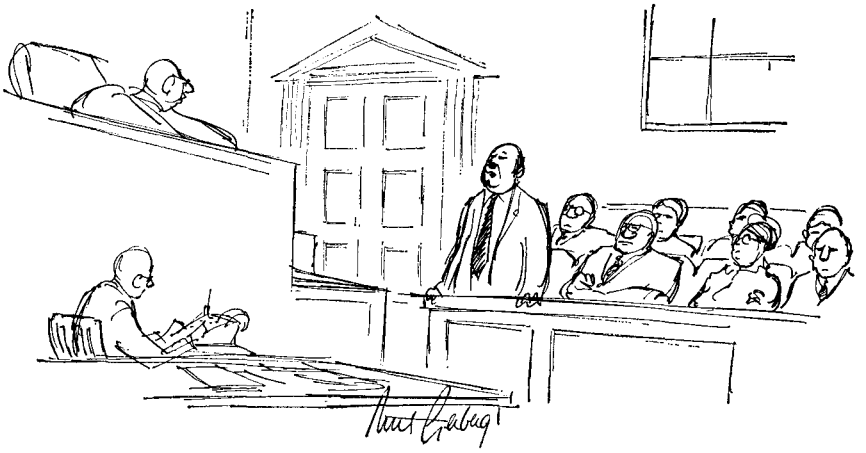
It is anticipated that heads of state will address the twenty-fifth commemorative assembly. Many of the most eloquent addresses will come from representatives of the smaller states; but for obvious reasons the address of the President of the United States will be listened to with great attention. Will he engage in a series of self-righteous platitudes, or will he issue challenges for new endeavors that will involve commitments on the part of the United States?

President Nixon should disavow any American intention to be the policeman in Southeast Asia or anywhere else in the world. He should plead for a revival of the principles of collective security. Recently, representatives of eleven Southeast Asian states met in Djakarta to consider the problem of Indochina. Indonesian President Suharto, in statements then and in Washington in late May, indicated a desire not only to re-establish the Geneva machinery for Indochina, but to create a role for the United Nations in the solution of the problems of Southeast Asia. Japan and other countries might become involved in an effort to revive the principles of collective security in Southeast Asia in close cooperation with the United Nations. The United States should welcome and support such efforts.

The President could contribute to the re-establishment of a global partnership by making specific proposals that would help to reduce the growing suspicion between the few great powers and many of the small nations. The latter countries wish the United States and the Soviet Union would agree on many things, particularly real disarmament. Simultaneously, they are afraid that, if the two superpowers do reach an overall agreement, they might not need the cooperation of the smaller states or the United Nations itself. The fact that the Soviet Union could invade Czechoslovakia at the same time it was trying to reach arms agreements with the United States adds to the cynicism of small members. Consequently, they are not so much a third force upholding the principles of the charter as a series of blocs with shortsighted objectives.

It is in the field of disarmament that the Soviet Union might make its own contribution to the United Nations. Premier Khrushchev initiated a major break-through in 1959 when he proposed to the General Assembly that nations reach an agreement for eventual and total disarmament. This overture was

(*Continued on page* 42)



"Yes we have, Your Honor. We've talked it all over, and we've decided this is really none of our business."

CLARK M. EICHELBERGER is executive director of the Commission to Study the Organization of Peace.

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Small Bombs and Big Bombs

This is about an incident in Minneapolis. It happened at a dinner meeting of the local chapter of the World Federalists, in the grand ballroom of the Hotel Radisson. Some 900 people were in the audience. At the time, I was halfway through a talk about the Conference on Human Survival that had recently been held at the United Nations. Suddenly the microphone went dead. Then, over the amplifying system came this announcement by an unidentified voice:

"Everyone will leave the ballroom at once. Do not rush. Get up from your seats and leave through the doors at the rear of the hall. Proceed downstairs to the Seventh Street exit."

The announcement was repeated by the same disembodied voice.

As directed, the entire audience rose quietly and without any sign of panic moved toward the rear doors.

The people at the head table stood at their places waiting for the audience, still very orderly, to clear the room. Then a man came to the platform, identified himself as a state Senator, and said he thought it possible the meeting was being broken up by extremists. He said that if there had been any legitimate reason for the people to evacuate the hotel, a person in authority would have come into the room and explained what it was all about. He suggested that the chairman rap for attention and ask the people to remain where they were until we could ascertain from the hotel management exactly what was happening. The suggested announcement was made, and the remaining people stopped moving toward the exit.

At this point, a squad of policemen in emergency fatigue uniforms entered the ballroom. The sergeant came forward and took the microphone, now reactivated. He said that the request to the audience to leave was authorized, and that the police intended to search the ballroom for bombs. A telephone call had been received at headquarters from someone who identified himself as a member of the Weatherman faction of the SDS, and who said they had planted a bomb at the World Federalist meeting.

The police went to work, first examining the lectern and the speaker's table, then looking behind the large draperies at the sides of the ballroom, and finally inspecting each table.

The procedure took twenty or twenty-five minutes. Then the police captain announced the search had been completed and said the meeting could resume. Word was sent downstairs and the crowd reassembled. There was no perceptible shrinkage in the size of the group.

I was asked to return to the lectern and resume the talk. I had a profound admiration for the audience. Even though the bomb threat had turned out to be nothing more than a scare, people could not have been blamed if they had exercised additional caution and had left the hotel altogether. The incident gave us all a great deal to think about. We could ponder the grim irony that there was no difficulty in mobilizing counter-measures against bombs that could blow up a hotel, but that almost nothing was being done about bombs that could blow up the world.

The same governments that attach so much importance to the need to prevent their citizens from making homemade bombs are the makers themselves of powerful explosives, any one of which can rip apart entire cities and total populations. Where are the emergency police squads that will go racing around the world to search out bombs that can cancel six thousand years of history? It is not necessary to look behind curtains or under tables for the big bombs. They exist by the thousands in national stockpiles; many of them are already positioned in silos throughout the countryside and are ready for use at the flick of a finger. Never before has any generation of men lived on such familiar terms with the devices that could make a shambles out of both their evolution and destiny.

It is this incredible blind spot—the inability to see and act against evil in the large—that represents the greatest flaw in contemporary human society. The failure to apply standards of morality not just to individuals but to aggregations of human beings, especially at the point of national identification, is the critical one. The result is that organized human society is breaking down.

Who will finally bring the big bombs under control? The United States and the Soviet Union say they want to agree on the terms of control, but what they are talking about is not the elimination of the weapons but a halt to further manufacture. Since both countries have accumulated more weapons than are required for any conceivable destructive purpose, such a halt, while welcome and essential, does not address itself to the largest part of the problem.

The elimination of the big bombs and big-bomb scares will come about only when the same basic factors that make it necessary for governments to protect their people against small bombs will compel them to get rid of the big ones. Governments take action against small bombs because their people demand it. When people extend their demands to include measures necessary for their survival, they will at long last have created a whole new set of imperatives for their governments. All life and property are now in jeopardy because the foreign policies of the national sovereignties produce total anarchy. It is necessary, therefore, for people to stretch their minds, their concepts, and their demands in order to bring about a government over governments. Anything else is irrelevant to their safety and indeed to their destiny. —N.C.

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Letters to the Editor

The Prospects of Welfare

I AM DELIGHTED that the special section "Welfare, Time for Reform" [*SR*, May 23] was devoted to a careful examination of our welfare problems. One of my disappointments since the President's plan for reform was introduced has been the paucity of serious discussion of the problem and the solution we offered. While we don't claim the Family Assistance Plan is going to work magic, we do claim it is better than anything else that has been offered.

ROBERT H. FINCH,
Washington, D.C.

MOST OF THIS COUNTRY lives by a simple economic principle: The more you earn, the better off you will be. Paradoxically, the poor are the exception to the rule. While our country has long recognized its obligation to provide food for the starving and shelter for the homeless, it has provided relief in such a way that the poor person keeps very little of what he earns.

This arrangement has only resulted in generation after generation of citizens locked into a welfare system that does not solve our nation's ills. In this light, it is strange indeed that the Nixon Family Assistance Plan, billed as a bold departure from our welfare mess, carries on the tradition of not rewarding work.

Under the existing welfare system, and under the "new" Nixon FAP, the earnings of the poor are reduced by 67 cents for every dollar earned. This puts the poor in the same tax bracket as the very wealthy. Furthermore, the Family Assistance Plan blatantly discourages earnings in another way, by establishing certain earning levels where it will not pay to earn any more. At these levels, a person will abruptly lose several thousand dollars in welfare-related benefits such as housing, medical payments, and food stamps.

If we are to solve this crisis, we must adopt a work incentive program that allows the poor to keep most of what they earn. To do less is merely to magnify the problem.

LEONARD M. GREENE,
White Plains, N.Y.

Wald's Words

GEORGE WALD'S guest editorial "The Leaves Fall, the Blood Flows" [*SR*, June 6] was the type of concise, sane statement that people need to see more of these days.

It has been said that those who complain about repression create repression, and, while I think it is unwise to turn away from the horror and decay, worldwide and national, brought on by the Southeast Asian War, I also think that the people of the world deserve much more from the press than the breaking of stories that not only get at fact but that somehow seem to rejoice in how they have got there and what they have found, leaving it at that. Many people have access to fact. It is true that the press is partly responsible for spreading fact around. But many people have also become immune from fact, and are dazed and bored and drained of hope and therefore ineffective in striving for peace.

Professor Wald's statement transcends the common treatment of this sickening war. He too has access to fact, but he has reason, he has care, he has love, and, if he sees dictatorship coming home, he is unafraid. May he write, or say, more [such] pieces until the nervous souls in our society come to grip realities with hope and use their powers of reason with endless determination.

PAUL HALLOCK,
New York, N.Y.

Middle East Solution

RICHARD C. HOTTELET'S idea as expressed in "Undemonizing the Middle East" [*SR*, June 6] seems to me to be the only reasonable suggestion for the solution of the Middle East problem thus far. His comparison between the "Palestinian Arabs" and "the Jews of the Arab world" perhaps may not be quite accurate. After all, the Jews were at one time a nation. The Palestinian Arabs, on the other hand, never were. There never was a political state in the area except the ancient Jewish state.

However, if Italians, Germans, and others, who had never before really been nations, did eventually become nations, why not the "Palestinian Arabs"?

The trouble is that the world has been so busy being anti-Israel that they have forgotten what the problem was all about. It started with Arab nations refusing to recognize the state of Israel. Instead of trying to turn the clock back to the anti-Israel Resolution No. 242 of 1967, we might perhaps turn the clock back to the U.N. Resolution of 1947 and establish a Palestinian state that would have treaty arrangements with the state of Israel.

Looking forward instead of backward, Mr. Hottelet's suggestion seems to me to be most useful. Let the United States endow the Palestinian Arabs with human dignity and call them "a people" instead of "refugees." Let us recognize the right of this "people" to a political identity as a nation on their homeland. If the United States would approach Israel with this proposition, it would not be necessary to negotiate with the other Arab states who presume to speak for a nonexistent Arab empire. This would be a good beginning, and it would take the wind out of the sails of Russia, Egypt, Syria, and all the rest. There would then be a rightful entity to whom Israel could return occupied territory.

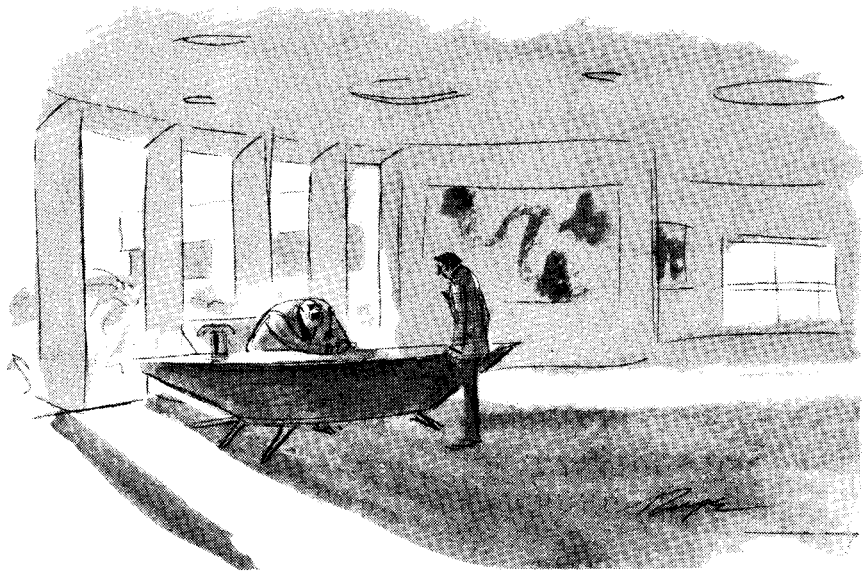
ARIO S. HYAMS,
Hempstead, N.Y.

Calling All Americans

NOEL PERRIN, writing on names of Eskimos in the Baffin Island telephone directory, in "It's for You, Peewatooaloo" [PHOENIX NEST, May 30] is guilty of either gross chauvinism or geographical ignorance. He takes the view that a name such as "James B. Edwards," and words such as "snowball" and "bullfrog" are somehow exclusively American. One would think that on the contrary they might well be found anywhere in the English-speaking (American-speaking?) world. Yet, how else is it that Mr. Perrin refers to certain un-Eskimo names in the Baffin Island book as "American style," "half-American," and so on? Unless it is that he considers the region "up north of Hudson's [*sic*] Bay" actually a part of the United States of America. I should like him to be informed that Baffin Island, unlike Alaska, the Dominican Republic, or South Vietnam, has never known the blessings of American colonial status, and the non-Eskimo names of its inhabitants should be classified, if by language, as English and, if by nationality, as Canadian.

JOHN B. EDMOND,
Vancouver, British Columbia.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Perrin nowhere in his piece claimed Canada for the United States. He did, however, consider it part of America (North), an omnibus name given to the continent by newcomers who arrived after the Eskimos.*



"Who the hell authorized you to produce an artistic triumph?!"

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SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

The Catch

ALTHOUGH made with evident skill, conscientiousness, and even rigorous dedication by the gifted Mike Nichols and his many gifted associates, *Catch-22* simply does not come across well as a film, and it is not merely a matter of flaws, of humor failing to be funny, of performances misfiring, but the management of the material itself. Joseph Heller's novel, while often belaboring its assumption (with which I am inclined to agree) that military bureaucracy is by its very nature insane, was a wild, exuberant mixture of gruesome realism and outrageous comedy. Somehow it worked, held together by its style. That style hasn't been totally transferred to film. What we have instead is an uneasy blending of two mediums, the novelistic and the cinematic.

By way of illustration, there is a quite haunting scene in the film: A plane, piloted by a member of a World War II squadron, buzzes a recreation beach and an offshore raft. On the raft is a cheerfully waving airman. As the bathers on the beach watch, the plane heads toward the man and cuts him in half. The lower half of the body slowly falls, and the pilot goes on to crash into a hillside. A similar moment occurs in the book, but with a vast difference: We know the pilot, the man on the raft, and those on the beach. Heller goes on to relate the consequences of the eerie, horrible happening. But in the movie, it comes out of left field, so to speak.

And I think this may pinpoint the major problem of the film. Heller's people were improbable at times, but they were always people. We got to know them. In the film, they are seldom more than faces. They pass by like figures in a nightmare landscape. Who piloted that plane? McMann, of course. But, let's see, just who was McMann? And that man on the raft? Perhaps it was the need to compress so much into a limited time span that caused Nichols to slough off his people, that caused him to choose a form of nightmare—Yossarian's nightmare—in which other nightmares cyclically occur.

Yossarian wants to escape from insanity by feigning insanity. But that's the catch. It's normal to want to escape, and therefore he is sane. Yossarian, as played by Alan Arkin, is the heart and center of the film, and yet we don't know him well either. The film begins with his dream of his end. Or does it? Nichols doesn't anchor us solidly to this form. It literally requires a knowledge of the novel to know who is who and what is happening. That GI in fatigues who knifes Yossarian. If we know the novel, we know it is an Italian whore. If we don't know the novel, we just don't know. Finally, near the end, we are *told.*

Among those who pass by and through and who are limned with relative clarity are Colonel Cathcart (Martin Balsam), Dr. Daneeka (Jack Gilford), Chaplain Tappman (Anthony Perkins), and General Dreedle (Orson Welles)—but, to freeze them, Nichols often resorts to caricature. They are a little overdone and seldom funny. However, does Nichols (and Buck Henry, the screenwriter) want them to be funny? I doubt it. Their justified outrage makes them cold and grim, and the film is overcome by the awfulness of what they are showing. Thus, there is little or no humanness in the film, no real heart that bleeds. And yet there are moments of icy brilliance. I rather think that Mr. Nichols was never quite able to resolve the conceptual tensions between his vision and that of Mr. Heller.

The Strawberry Statement is on a relatively simple level compared to the above, being actually little more than a story of how a college boy meets a college girl during a student sit-in, how boy becomes thereby politicalized, and how both are eventually beaten up by the "pigs." But the film touches and affects us, and this is because its two protagonists are instantly appealing. Both Bruce Davison and Kim Darby exude youthful charm, and Stuart Hagmann, their young and frenetically cinematic director, sees to it that they remain unstudied, vulnerable, altogether worthy of our sympathy.

I suppose one could complain, on the one hand, that student rebellion is being romanticized and, on the other, that its more valid aims are slighted, but one must nevertheless compliment Mr. Hagmann and screenwriter Israel Horowitz for being able to sustain a film that is based on James Simon Kunen's diary of the events at Columbia University in April 1968. If the film makes no other point, it is that what is being done about these campus manifestations is being done wrong.

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An Askew Halo for John Updike

by JOHN W. ALDRIDGE

BECH: A BOOK

by John Updike

Knopf, 206 pp., $5.95

THE ELEMENTS OF JOHN UPDIKE

by Alice and Kenneth Hamilton

Eerdmans, 267 pp., $6.95

John Updike has now issued a collection of his stories about the writer Henry Bech, while Alice and Kenneth Hamilton, two Canadian academics who must surely be Updike's foremost disciples in the Northern Hemisphere, have written the first full-length critical study of his work. The two books juxtapose in a way that is both symmetrical and altogether ominous.

In Henry Bech, Updike has created an imaginary writer who, in certain particulars of temperament and career, is very much like himself. The Hamiltons have created a perhaps equally imaginary writer who in certain particulars is very much like Updike, but who resembles far more strikingly Kierkegaard, Karl Barth, St. John of the Cross, and the prophet Isaiah. Updike's portrait of Bech is warm, humane, engaging, and, for the most part, wholly convincing as fiction. The Hamiltons' portrait of Updike is cold, pretentious, and wholly unconvincing whether taken as fiction or as fact. As they present him, Updike is seen to have none of the attractive qualities of Bech, nor is he a writer in whose reality one can begin to believe. He emerges, rather, as a kind of monster symbolist and theological guru, a creation of higher Neo-New Critical necromancy, whose work is viewed not as literary art but as a repository of the major religious and mythological imagery underlying the thought of the Western World from the Greeks to Paul Tillich.

One would not wish to dissuade any critic from making even such a preposterous claim as this for the work of a contemporary writer. In these times a writer is lucky to be taken seriously, let alone credited with the possession of beatific vision and a drawing account on the wisdom of the ages. Updike in particular would seem to need this kind of encouragement, for one has watched him over the years making that familiar agonizing descent from the position of Everybody's Brilliant Young Writer to a position of some insecurity and ambiguity, which the large popular success of such a book as *Couples*—known in certain uncharitable circles as "the thinking man's *Peyton Place*"—did little to improve.

There has always been a rather coyly opaque and hermetic quality about even the best of Updike's fiction, some hint of a mystery undisclosed, a theme—perhaps a major theme—insufficiently objectified in the concrete terms of character and action. He has often been accused of using his very considerable talent for language, his capacity simply for writing well, to conceal his thinness of substance. And I once ended a profoundly negative review of his fourth novel, *Of the Farm*, with the suggestion that Updike's secret, which no amount of fine writing can prevent the astute reader from discovering, is that he has nothing to say. I am now contradicted in that view by the Hamiltons, who appear to believe that he has quite simply everything to say.

In fact, judging by its tone of unbridled encomium, their book may well be an indication that the downward trend of recent Updike criticism is about to be reversed, and that there may soon be others who, perhaps inflamed by the Hamiltons, will join them in working to restore Updike to his former eminence. If so, one has rea-

JOHN W. ALDRIDGE, professor of English at the University of Michigan, is the author of *After the Lost Generation, In Search of Heresy, Time to Murder and Create,* and *In the Country of the Young.*

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son to wonder whether he will be saved from his detractors only to perish at the hands of his admirers. Certainly, if I were his worst enemy and plotting ways to do him harm, I could not conceive of a more delightfully destructive weapon than the admiration of critics like the Hamiltons. It is not that they are unintelligent or uninformed. It is not that they write badly. On the contrary, they offer many extremely sound observations about the nature of Updike's achievement, and they express them in a language nearly always of great clarity and felicity.

But the unfortunate aspect of their study is that in attempting to elucidate Updike's strengths they somehow inadvertently expose his weaknesses more thoroughly than many of his hostile critics. Their serious mistake is to put forward the most extravagant claims for him in relation to precisely those areas of performance where he is least able to provide satisfactory evidence in support of their claims. In particular, they try to make a case for the idea that what might superficially be seen as opaque or dramatically unrealized in his work is actually profundity. They believe not only that Updike has everything to say but that he says it with enormous precision and power—not, to be sure, through the medium of direct exposition, but indirectly through the medium of imagery and parable. The Hamiltons therefore give only scant attention to the realistic content of Updike's fiction and concentrate almost entirely on the patterns of meaning that are traceable beneath it.

Such an approach long ago proved its value in the critical analysis of poetry, perhaps because poetry may take its primary life from the tensions of its language, the allusive and connotative power of its images and symbols. But fiction has built into it a requirement which no amount of technical experimentation has ever significantly altered, the requirement that it must always *ultimately* be about something other than itself, must be something more than simply a tissue of language. Fiction is wedded with peculiar firmness to the natural and social world whose lineaments it must in some degree embody or reflect. Hence, the meaning contained in its images and symbols needs to be developed within, and communicated through, a dramatic context made up of fully realized characters and experiences. Otherwise, it will seem to exist in a vacuum and without relevance to a visible event. Fiction, in short, does not express itself in parables but in situations, and in situations that must be made to seem significant in their own right before they can bear the weight of parabolic significance—just as a Christ-figure like, for example, Joe Christmas in Faulkner's *Light in August* must first be created as a tragic and martyred man before he can become acceptable as a Christ-figure.

It is the Hamiltons' failure to take this adequately into account that seriously diminishes the value of their book. They may provide us with a most ingenious explication of the parabolic patterns in Updike's work. But they are so concerned with analyzing these patterns and with prizing them for their own sake that they do not properly question just where their meaning exists, in what relation to the story the novelist has to tell. Yet one of Updike's most obvious shortcomings is that far too often in his fiction he himself fails to establish this relation, and one is struck by the disparity between the complication and pretentiousness of his symbolism and the thinness or irrelevance of the dramatic situation which presumably his symbolism is intended to illuminate.

One of the best illustrations of this problem to be found anywhere in Updike's work is his third novel, *The Centaur*, a book which the Hamiltons analyze at great length and with great reverence, without once showing the slightest hint of awareness that the important critical question to be raised about the book may just possibly lie beyond the range of their explications. They are mainly interested in tracking down the parallels Updike wished to establish between his characters and various mythological figures, a list of whom he helpfully provided in an index so that not even the worst educated reader would be left in doubt about the ingenuity of his method. But one soon realizes that it is not the ingenuity—however old-fashioned it must seem in the post-Joyce era—but the meaning and relevance of the method which are primarily at issue. Updike asks us to believe that his story is a contemporary retelling of the legend of Chiron, the noblest of centaurs and teacher of wisdom to the gods, and of Prometheus, the bringer of fire to man. Chiron is supposedly reincarnated in the novel's protagonist, George Caldwell, a high-school teacher of science, while Prometheus becomes Caldwell's son Peter, who, instead of being bound to a rock and having his liver daily pecked at by an eagle, is afflicted with a bad case of psoriasis. In addition, just about every other character, major or minor, is paired with one of the Olympian gods who relates, however remotely, to the Chiron-Prometheus myth.

—Michael Chikiris

John Updike—"hermetic."

The difficulty is that there is no discernible reason whatever why anyone should see a connection between Updike's story and the myth. The story, while interesting enough in itself, has neither the complexity nor the tragic dimension to make it in any way acceptable as a contemporary version of the myth. On the contrary, the vast difference of quality between the two only serves to emphasize the fact that Updike was trying through his use of the parallels to impose a significance on materials which were unable to achieve significance on their own terms. Evidently, Updike learned from Joyce all the wrong lessons, for the greatness of *Ulysses* depends scarcely at all on the network of parallels to *The Odyssey*, however enriching these may be to the comic irony of Leopold Bloom's situation. *Ulysses* is a great book first and foremost because of its enormous vitality as a realist-impressionist dramatization of character within the created context of Dublin life, a vitality that must issue from the author's imaginative relation to his materials and which cannot be imported into a novel through the medium of however many classical allusions.

It would appear that in their preoccupation with myth and parable the Hamiltons as well as Updike have fallen prey to one of the most pernicious fallacies of the New Critical heritage: the belief that the significance of a work of art depends upon the number, variety, and subtlety of the hidden meanings contained within it. It does not seem to matter to the Hamiltons—indeed, it does not seem to occur to the Hamiltons—that in Updike's case the realistic narrative materials may have little or no relation to such meanings. What is important to them is that the meanings are there and need to be unearthed. For they seem to assume, syllogistically, that if *Ulysses* and *The Waste Land* contain classical and myth-

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ical allusions and are considered great works, the presence of such allusions in a work must automatically make it great.

The excesses and absurdities that can result when archeological lust is released upon literature are beautifully exemplified in the following passage from the Hamiltons' discussion of *Couples*, a passage about which no comment whatever would seem to be needed:

> . . . . more than one reviewer of *Couples* has singled out as a sample of Updike's stylistic preciousness his description of a plate of consommé as "the shallow amber depths where the lemon slice like an embryo swayed." Now were these words about any plate of soup, the complaint might be justified. But in fact they describe what Foxy sees when she and Ken are at a dinner party at the Guerins. . . . Blushing because she has inadvertently let slip the fact that she is pregnant, Foxy turns her eyes downward to her plate in order to escape the mockery of the couples. She sees the lemon slice in the soup as an embryo because of the nagging of physical discomfort caused by the fact that her first pregnancy at twenty-eight has proved unexpectedly burdensome. But her blushes are also prophetic of her next pregnancy, when the couples will again mock her, and more cruelly. The embryo in the soup she sees seems to be swaying. This time it will sway towards life, but the next time it will be pulled towards death. Soon Freddy Thorne, who is sitting next to her at the table, is whispering confidentially, "Tummy-trouble?"—as though even now informing her that he is an expert in getting rid of trouble of that sort and she may need his help. But Foxy is also aware of the lemon slice apart from its resemblance to an embryo. Lemon is also *leman*—lover. When she summons Piet to repair her house she will welcome him in lemon-colored clothes and serve him lemonade. At the moment she has seen him only once. Nevertheless, over this table she asks questions about him, preparing the chain of events that will bring them together. It seems all very accidental. Foxy, however, has been looking at soup that is amber, the color of passion. Her own eyes are amber. Piet's hair is amber. The two ambers are to mingle, and then both will be "in the soup."

One does not know what this kind of thing will do for criticism, but one is certain what it will do to the consommé market.

The question, in any case, which the Hamiltons do not engage and which their assiduous analyzing only serves to deepen is just how Updike's fiction can be so rich with meanings of this kind and yet seem so remote, unvital, divorced from immediate relation to experience. They do not engage this

(*Continued on page* 35)

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Dissent

DANIEL BERRIGAN'S REVIEW of the Bethge biography of Dietrich Bonhoeffer [*SR*, May 30] is remarkable in its content, form, and scope.

Your courage in publishing such wonderfully hopeful and stirring words from one presently living outside the morally constricting legal perimeters of our increasingly "Caesarian" nation state is cause for rejoicing. Truly Berrigan and Bonhoeffer are brothers—two men for bad seasons. Such distinctions (temporal, theological) as may exist between them are as nothing when viewed in the brilliant light of their shared humanity. The life of each reinforces the challenge of the other: "Do the best things in the worst times."

REV. VICTOR H. CARPENTER,
Philadelphia, Pa.

LIKE SO MANY OTHER DISSENTERS, Berrigan is emotionally poor. He does manage, however, to use what few emotions he has in a vain attempt to equate Bonhoeffer's experiences with his own. A nice try. In his lapses into the new rhetoric of rage he describes his surroundings, "sitting on the floor . . . curtains drawn," and in that condition not much different from the draft resisters in Canada, Cleaver in Algiers, or the AWOL soldiers in Sweden. Only the emotionally immature people find themselves in that condition. My personal feeling is that *SR* wasted seven pages of good white space on Berrigan.

I hope that in future issues *SR* will confine its editorializing to the editorial page and stay out of the other departments!

ROY N. REECE,
Santa Rosa, Calif.

"Cousins"

GERALD PEARCE, IN HIS EAGERNESS to condemn the "indefensible partition of Syria in 1920" [BOOK FORUM, May 30], has overlooked or is unaware of the letter written by the leader of the Arab world at the time, Emir Feisal, to Zionist leaders. The date of the letter is March 1, 1919, and reads in part: "We feel that the Arabs and Jews are cousins in race, have suffered similar oppressions at the hands of powers stronger than themselves, and by happy coincidence have been able to take steps towards the attainment of their national ideals together. . . . The Arabs, especially the educated among us, look with the deepest sympathy on the Zionist movement. Our deputation here in Paris is fully acquainted with the proposals submitted yesterday by the Zionist Organization to the Peace Conference, and we regard them as moderate and proper. We will do our best to help them through. We will wish the Jews a hearty welcome home. With the chiefs of your movement, especially with Dr. Weizmann, we have had and continue to have the closest relations. . . . He has been a great helper in our cause, and I hope that the Arabs may soon be in a position to make the Jews some return for their kindness. We are working together for a reformed and revived Near East and our two movements complete one another. The Jewish movement is national and not imperialistic and there is room in Syria for us both. Indeed I think that neither can be a real success without the other."

NORA LEVIN,
Philadelphia, Pa.

A VARIETY OF ARAB SOURCES give a clear picture of why there are Arab refugees.

Mr. Emil Ghory, at the time Secretary-General of the Palestine Arab Higher Committee, was quoted in *Telegraph*, a Lebanese daily, on Sept. 6, 1948: "The fact that there are these refugees is the direct consequence of the action of the Arab states in opposing partition and the Jewish State."

Falastin, Jordan daily, carried this statement on May 17, 1955: "The evacuation of Acre (May 17, 1948) was like the evacuation of other places; the commanders and the leaders told the Arabs of Palestine, 'Evacuate, for your evacuation will be short and very soon you will be back.'" *Ad-Difaa*, another Jordan daily, wrote on Sept. 6, 1954: "The Arab Governments told us: 'Get out so that we can get in!' So we got out, but they did not get in."

NANCY HOFFMAN,
Saratoga, Calif.

The Erasmus in Goodman

I HAVE ENJOYED Henry Resnik's review of Paul Goodman's book *New Reformation: Notes of a Neolithic Conservative* [*SR*, May 23]. Although there is nothing in all of Goodman which reaches into the crises which Luther faced and challenged, the humanism of Erasmus contains the same marks that we find in Goodman. For Erasmus the ideal found in the teachings of Christ opened a vista for the humanist's Christian community. Erasmus would have each of us follow the teachings of Christ as best we could no matter what our station of life. He called for improvement in an age of much corruption.

This is similar to Goodman except that the ideal of Christ's teaching is removed. Instead, Goodman is aware of the potentiality possible in man's self-cultivation. All of Goodman's ideas reflect this tremendous potential open to man if he will simply come forth and meet the challenge.

For Luther, man has a problem which he cannot face. But Goodman would have us face ourselves and work for a better world. Impossible, Luther would say. It is a tragedy that Luther is one of history's most misunderstood personalities.

ROBERT JEWETT,
New Paltz, N.Y.

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NATHANAEL WEST:
The Art of His Life

by Jay Martin

Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 435 pp., $10

Reviewed by Harvey Swados

■ "Men have always fought their misery with dreams," reflects Nathanael West's most extraordinary character, Miss Lonelyhearts. "Although dreams were once powerful, they have been made puerile by the movies, radio and newspapers. Among many betrayals, this one is the worst."

Almost alone among his contemporaries, Nathanael West felt both the actuality of the betrayal and the dimensions of its horror. During the Depression decade, when he published all four of his novels, most of his literary friends and colleagues were committed to the proposition that the mass media were simply in the wrong hands, and regarded economic betrayal as far worse than spiritual. It is not accidental that the heroes of West's two best novels—*Miss Lonelyhearts* and *The Day of the Locust*—are respectively in thrall to a sensation-mongering metropolitan newspaper and to the ultimate corruption of Hollywood. "A dream dump" is how Tod Hackett thinks of the film studio. "A Sargasso of the imagination!"

West himself, even while composing his scarifying novels, spent his final years in Hollywood, trying to make out. Shortly before his death he had indeed made it as a screenwriter, without ever shaking his "rocklike integrity," even while he had failed utterly to win general recognition as a serious novelist. This is but one of many contradictions in the life of a gallant and greatly gifted writer that are recounted with empathic understanding in Jay Martin's new biographical study.

Professor Martin's preface is daunting. Both long-time admirers of West (my own treasured copy of *Miss Lonelyhearts* dates from the Forties) and new readers who will find him remarkably relevant to the America of the Seventies may very well be stunned by what appears to be a grotesque, almost Westian parody of literary scholarship. Like some scrambled telephone directory of the period, page follows merciless page, endlessly listing those consulted by Professor Martin. I can only urge readers not to be put off by a catalogue that runs from Daniel Aaron to Louis Zukofsky, but to pass over the preface and press on.

For that is the only substantial hindrance to a narrative written with impeccable taste, and absorbing from its opening chapter. Mr. Martin begins with the sudden death of the Wests (he had recently married "My Sister Eileen" McKenney) late in 1940 in a collision caused by West's own carelessness; and at once we are impressed, not simply with the awfulness of the accident, but with the light it casts on West as dog-lover, passionate hunter, absent-minded driver, and above all as a man pursued by bad luck.

West was born Nathan Weinstein in Manhattan in 1903, to Mordecai Weinstein and Chana Wallenstein, an immigrant couple from Kovno who regarded themselves more as Germans than as Russian Jews, and who quickly became Americanized. Nathan's father, a builder, called his edifices the Arizona, the Colorado, the Colonnade. At Brown University Nathan briefly called himself Nathaniel von Wallenstein Weinstein. Martin's description of Nathan's academic career is essentially the tale of a con man outfoxing the System. A dropout in 1920 with failing grades from De Witt Clinton High, Nathan doctored his transcript with ink eradicator, gave himself the required college admission credits (with a bonus in freehand drawing), and was accepted at Tufts in September of 1921. A prompt flunkout at Tufts, he discovered that coincidentally another, older Nathan Weinstein had just transferred from the college to the medical school. Apparently aided by a girl in the registrar's office who had a crush on him, Nathan got the other Weinstein's credits awarded to him "by error" and parlayed them into acceptance at Brown with a year and a half of advanced standing. When he failed Thomas Crosby's senior course in modern drama, which would have prevented him from graduating, "West ostensibly broke down in Crosby's office over the failure. His parents were counting on him, he himself was heartbroken and contrite. Crosby was touched. The grade was changed to a D. In June 1924, West's proud parents arrived in Providence for the commencement ceremonies and took their son and his friends to dinner at the Biltmore after he had been awarded his Ph.B."

A delicious story, it reveals another contradiction in the character of one who "scorned college codes, yet desired to experience college life." Laughing at the fraternities, yet eager to be accepted, Nathan became a dandy and a bit of a boulevardier. Not long afterwards he became Nathanael West.

As the Twenties moved toward disaster, West moved through the expatriate scene in Paris and the solemn intellectual and radical scenes in upper and lower Manhattan, leading the life of the esthete, polishing the while his undergraduate novel, *The Dream Life of Balso Snell*, the title of which announces his obsessional theme. But he was also preparing himself, and being prepared, for the life of the committed artist in a chaotic country, in a convulsive time.

—*From the book*

Nathanael West—"a gallant and greatly gifted writer."

"For West," says Martin aptly, "the Thirties began in 1927." The building boom was fading, and West had to go to work as assistant manager of the family-owned Kenmore Hall Hotel on East 23rd Street. In the fall of 1930, after the crash, he was made manager of the Sutton Club Hotel on East 56th Street. Unquestionably, the years in these hotels—funny, awful, gay, harrowing—helped to fix his point of view and to sharpen his vision of a world that outraged his profound idealism. "In America," he wrote in 1932, "violence is idiomatic. . . . For a European writer to make violence real, he had to do a great deal of careful psychology and sociology. . . . But not so the American writer. His audience has been prepared. . . ."

The Sutton became not only a hangout and a haven for West's literary friends (everyone from Quentin Reynolds to Edmund Wilson "occasionally lived off the Sutton bounty") but, more importantly, "a Paris of the imagination," "symbolic of the whole culture." There, minutely observing the soul-scarred tenants and steaming open their mail, West labored at night on his writing. "*Miss Lonelyhearts*, he told Josephine Herbst, was really about the

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people of the hotel and his personal relation to them, his feelings of sympathy and guilt."

In the summer of 1933 West went to Hollywood, and from then until his death, alternating between high living and near starvation, he grubbed away on other people's dreams and worked painstakingly, with careful craftsmanship, on his own. Mr. Martin's evocation of the Hollywood of this era—the vulgar betrayers of the dream, the Cadillac Communists—seems to me all but flawless.

So are his sketches of the fellow-traveling West's hunting expeditions with Southern gentleman William Faulkner, who always addressed him punctiliously as "Mr. West"; his vignettes of an earlier New York, of Josie Herbst's Erwinna, Pennsylvania—indeed, of all America, stricken and reeling under the hammer blows of the Great Depression. It is Mr. Martin's solid achievement to have written a literary biography that is also a first-rate social history, placing the writer in his time as few critics could have succeeded in doing.

The author's identification with West is in fact so absolute that the narrative

becomes not only an adventure story of heart, mind, glands, and pocketbook, but an extended apology for each of West's novels. It is one thing to make us feel West's wounds as successive novels failed to find a public or earn him any kind of living. It is quite another to neglect to indicate that West's expectations for a slight and immature work like *The Dream Life of Balso Snell* were both unrealistic and unjustified. The fact is that if West had died after *The Dream Life of Balso Snell*, he would have been worthy of little more than a footnote in our literary history, whereas if he had died just after *Miss Lonelyhearts*, that book alone would have gained him the immortality we now begin to see as rightfully his.

But this is hardly a fatal flaw. Those who want careful critical analysis can find it in works like Randall Reid's *The Fiction of Nathanael West*. What Mr. Martin has done is to set before us with taste and discrimination the life and the times from which that fiction emerged. It is hardly likely we will see a better biography this year.

Harvey Swados's new novel, "Standing Fast," will be published in September.

GENESIS 1948: The First Arab-Israeli War

by Dan Kurzman

World, 750 pp., $12.95

BETWEEN THE ROCK AND THE HARD PLACE

by Paul Jacobs

Random House, 155 pp., $4.95

Reviewed by John S. Carroll

■ Just or unjust, and the arguments are endless, the rebirth of the State of Israel some two millennia after the Jews were scattered by the Romans is one of the most remarkable human dramas of our time. Rome has long since crumbled; the Jews are back in Jerusalem, having survived both assimilation and pogrom.

Right after World War II a rapid succession of events set the stage for what will surely be remembered as the finest hour in modern Jewish history. Hitler's ultimate pogrom had prompted gentiles throughout the West to support the Jews, whether from genuine sympathy or hidden guilt. The Jews in Palestine, determined this time to hold out against a hostile world, were steeling themselves for the bitter struggle ahead. The British, their days of empire approaching an end, were making their harassed withdrawal, leaving the two sides to fight it out. The Palestinian Arabs, who had rebelled sporadically over the previous half-century, were more fearful than ever of Zionist encroachment. And the leaders of the nearby Arab governments were plotting to pick up the big pieces.

The ensuing 1948 war established the Jewish state as a reality. Simultaneously it set into motion the grim cycle that continues today: Arab refusal to recognize Israel; terrorism and reprisals; all-out war in which Israel expands further into Arab land; and back to Arab refusal to recognize Israel. Perhaps the only limiting factor is Israel's population—with two and a half million people you can hold down only so much hostile territory.

At the present moment, with the wounds so fresh and new bloodletting every day, it is far too early for anything approaching objective history. So far as I know, there is not yet a single work, among the hundreds of volumes on the Middle East, that both sides accept as true.

This is not to say that no valuable and fascinating accounts of the conflict exist. One is Dan Kurzman's *Genesis 1948*. Using the tools of the journalist, historian, and novelist, Mr. Kurzman weaves the cruel and beautiful story of Israel's rebirth, from striped-pants chicanery in Washington to the agonies of the men (and women) in the tanks and trenches.

But before getting into the book itself, a word is in order on the author's methods. Mr. Kurzman, a former foreign correspondent for the Washington *Post*, has drawn from several hundred books in various languages, plus diaries, newspapers, magazines, pamphlets, and official documents. He has also interviewed nearly 1,000 persons who participated in the war—heads of state, Egyptian peasants, Stern Gang terrorists, Arab Legion officers, and an impressive array of others. Not only does he tell of Gamal Abdel Nasser, a disillusioned and not particularly anti-Zionist junior officer in King Farouk's army; he also presents the story as seen by an Israeli tank driver trying to break through the barbed wire to get at Nasser's troops.

The book is a series of interrelated anecdotes with recurring characters and motifs. In Mr. Kurzman's Cinemascope the "big picture" is always in focus, with all the clashes of cultures, institutions, and armies. But more important is the author's common denominator, the human element: the most momentous event is seen as the sum total of individual men, pushing, tugging, fearing, conniving, standing to fight or slinking away. *Genesis 1948* is meant to be a popular book, and it probably will be. It is history well told.

Mr. Kurzman's Arabs come in all varieties. There are courtly and efficient Arab Legion officers, and then

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1402

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1402 will be found in the next issue.

PTERL UE UX IYXE VHSQ PT

UGHAULHEUPL EKHE QRRCX

H GHL TWPG XYTTRWULA

NRWO GYSK.

—GHWSRV CWPYXE

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1401

Nothing is more terrible than ignorance in action. —GOETHE.

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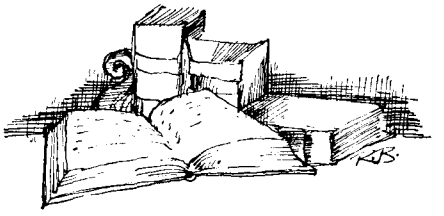
there are the *jihad*-screaming types. The portraits of Nasser and King Abdullah (whose assassination Mr. Kurzman covered as a reporter) are quite sympathetic. Even more sympathetic is his treatment of the Palestinians, unorganized and untrained, who lost their homes, and of the peasants who carried the burden in the Arab armies.

One pathetic figure who surfaces from time to time is Mohammed Abdel Aref, a scrawny, lice-ridden Egyptian *fellah* who begins and ends the war in prison. Locked up as a deserter, Aref is sprung to fight for King Farouk's corrupt government. He has no appetite for battle or for anything else save returning to his little village in the Nile valley. Near the war's end, having seen so many comrades killed and wounded, Aref finally decides to get revenge. He draws a careful bead on an Israeli soldier—and the rifle blows up in his face.

The author's Israelis are also a mixed bag. One cannot help being caught up in their passions—the same passions that are writ large in the Israel of today. In the aggregate they are a heroic people, but there are individual exceptions. In telling the story of Deir Yassin (the Israeli equivalent of My Lai, still observed by the Arabs with prayers and bombings every



year), Mr. Kurzman makes no effort to deny or justify the hideous slaughter of civilians.

Then there is the positively chilling passage describing down to the last detail the hanging of two British soldiers by Amihai Faglin, one of the Israelis interviewed by the author. Faglin has apparently told exactly how he felt in taking the life of two innocent men for what he believed to be the greater good. He started the first execution, aided by fellow Irgunists, by putting a black hood over one soldier's blond head.

> . . . the hooded sergeant was lifted onto a small chair under the rope. As his ankles and wrists were being bound, he asked in a tentative voice, like a child asking his mother whether she meant to spank him: "Are you going to hang me?"
>
> When he received no immediate response, he asked with resignation: "Can I leave a message?"
>
> Faglin steeled himself. He feared that the least display of human feeling might destroy his whole inhuman plan. "We won't be able to deliver any message," he said coldly. "You must prepare to die." . . .
>
> In a few minutes, Faglin noted, the sergeant's fingers grew limp and his khaki trousers grew sodden with urine released by nonfunctioning kidneys.
>
> I am no longer a man; I am an animal, Faglin thought. . . .
>
> The next day, Faglin read in the newspapers about the "great crime." He did not dispute the description, but felt that in the circumstances he would do the same thing again. What was the destruction of one man's soul if it helped revive the soul of an entire nation? . . .

That these events are real and that the survivors are still around to tell the tale make the episodes all the more vivid.

It is obvious that a price must be paid for such verisimilitude. In a story as rich in detail as this one, absolute accuracy must to some extent have given way to color and readability. For my money, this is a plus for Mr. Kurzman because, taken as a whole, the book rings true. Still, one can't help but wonder at reading, twenty-two years after the fact, precisely what people were thinking and saying in the midst of the conflagration.

Genesis 1948 is not an academic history. It is far too gripping for that. Nor is it, like so many books on the Middle East, an attempt to justify one side or the other. What it sets out to do it does skillfully—namely, to tell in the most human terms the dramatic tale of Israel's rebirth. It is popular history, and it is very well done.

Paul Jacobs has staked out a much smaller territory for his book, *Between the Rock and the Hard Place*. Reading it right after *Genesis 1948* is a bit like topping off a Peking duck dinner with a disturbing little fortune cookie.

The author, backed by the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, went last year to the Middle East to try to arrange a meeting of Israeli and Arab intellectuals in Rome. He had no particular illusions about settling the conflict overnight; the plan was simply to bring Leftists from both sides together so that some understanding might spring from their common belief in socialist and humanist values.

The project was a failure. Mr. Jacobs's Israeli contacts were none too keen on the meeting, and the Arabs balked completely. For one thing, Israeli Leftists are doves while Arab Leftists are hawks. For another, Mr. Jacobs himself is Jewish, a fact that doubtless hampered his efforts in Beirut: after all their humiliations, Arabs

(*Continued on page* 37)

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

ONCE UPON A TIME . . .

Which books begin with the following passages? Kathryn Kuhmerker (Harpur College, '71) asks you to identify the authors and supply the titles. The crib is on page 56.

1. My father had a small estate in Nottinghamshire; I was the third of five sons. ( )
2. You don't know about me without you have read a book by the name of . . . ; but that ain't no matter. ( )
3. A few miles south of Soledad, the Salinas River drops in close to the hillside bank and runs deep and green. ( )
4. On top of everything, the cancer wing was Number 13. ( )
5. In the castle of Baron Thunder-ten-tronckh in Westphalia there lived a youth, endowed by nature with the most gentle character. ( )
6. It was a bright cold day in April, and the clocks were striking thirteen. ( )
7. Some of the evil of my tale may have been inherent in our circumstances. ( )
8. At nine o'clock in the morning, towards the end of November, the Warsaw train was approaching Petersburg. . . . ( )
9. If you really want to hear about it, the first thing you'll probably want to know is where I was born, and what my lousy childhood was like. . . . ( )
10. Ours is essentially a tragic age, so we refuse to take it tragically. ( )

a. Dostoevsky
b. D. H. Lawrence
c. T. E. Lawrence
d. Orwell
e. Salinger
f. Solzhenitsyn
g. Steinbeck
h. Swift
i. Twain
j. Voltaire

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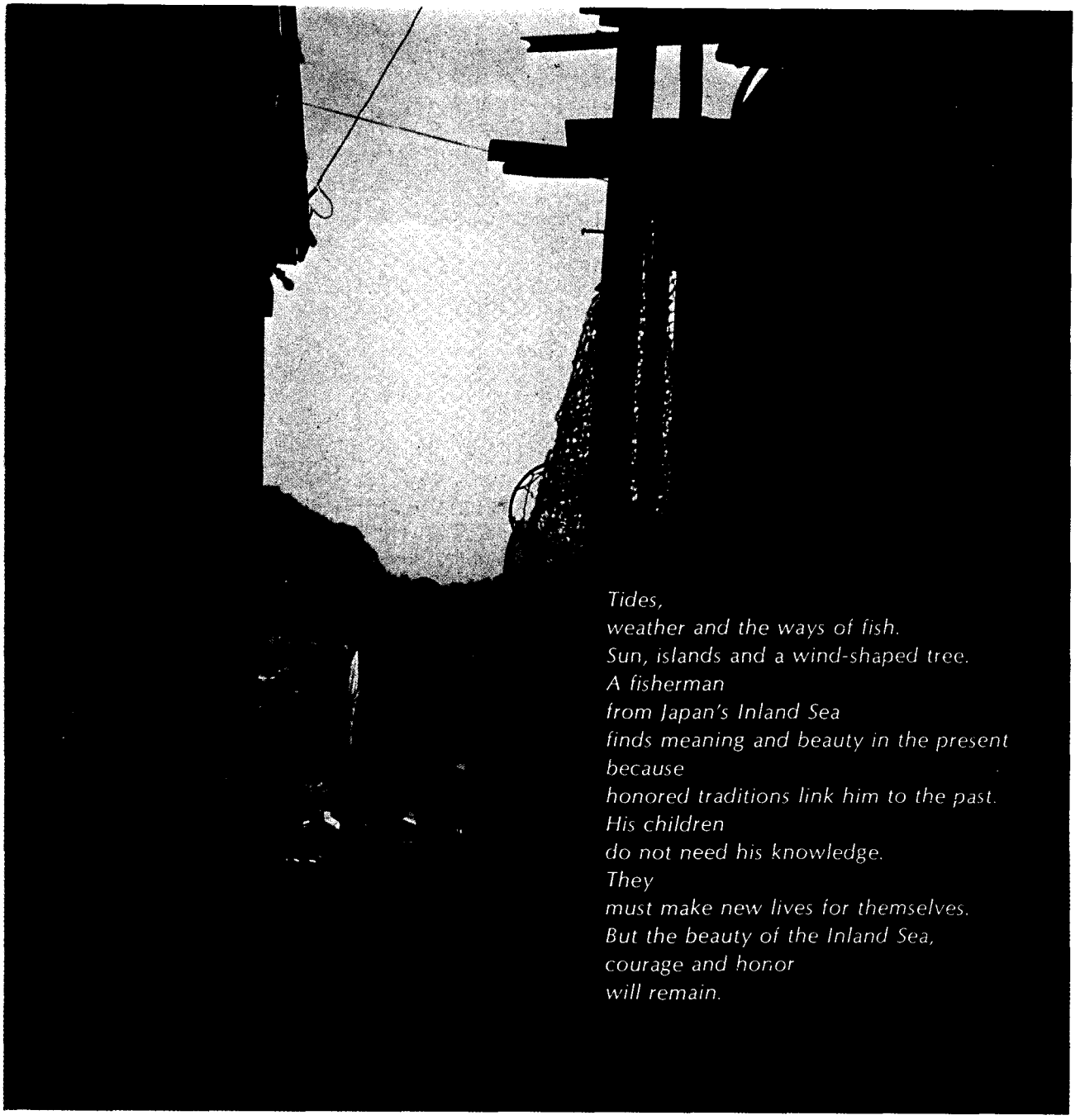
Tides,
weather and the ways of fish.
Sun, islands and a wind-shaped tree.
A fisherman
from Japan's Inland Sea
finds meaning and beauty in the present
because
honored traditions link him to the past.
His children
do not need his knowledge.
They
must make new lives for themselves.
But the beauty of the Inland Sea,
courage and honor
will remain.

The natural harmony of land and water in the Inland Sea has for centuries moulded the taste and character of the Japanese people, although Kyoto and Nara remain the sources of the great creative arts of Japan.

After exciting trips to Kyoto and the Inland Sea, you will recognize the blend of both traditions at The Plaza.

THE PLAZA HOTEL *Osaka*

Twenty-three elegant stories high, 600 superb guest rooms and suites. Gourmet dining at six of Osaka's finest new restaurants. Cocktails in quiet but convivial bars. A Grand Ballroom accommodating 1,500 dinner guests and 2,500 for cocktail parties will be the finest available. A mere 15 minutes from Osaka International Airport and 25 minutes from EXPO'70. Ko Suzuki, President and General Manager Address: 2 Minami, Oyodo, Oyodo-ku, Osaka, Japan Cable: PLAZAHOTEL OSAKA

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Seeing and Believing

METROMEDIA broadcasting group's two-hour-long television special on the ecology crisis, *1985*, was presented the same day recently on the group's five stations in New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Kansas City, and Washington, D.C. It represented a fascinating study in what Samuel Taylor Coleridge, in his *Biographia Literaria*, termed "the willing suspension of disbelief." The program simulated an actual Metromedia newscast, in the year 1985, in which the group's newscasters, speaking from their respective cities, reported and editorialized on a global disaster involving the complex effects of overpopulation and environmental pollution. Viewers were asked to accept the proposition that Los Angeles was enveloped in deadly smog; New York was blacked out, with mass transportation broken down and food supplies dwindling; Chicago couldn't be reached by television contact; Kansas City was deprived of produce that had been destroyed by pesticides; the nation's capital stank from festering vegetation in the dead Potomac.

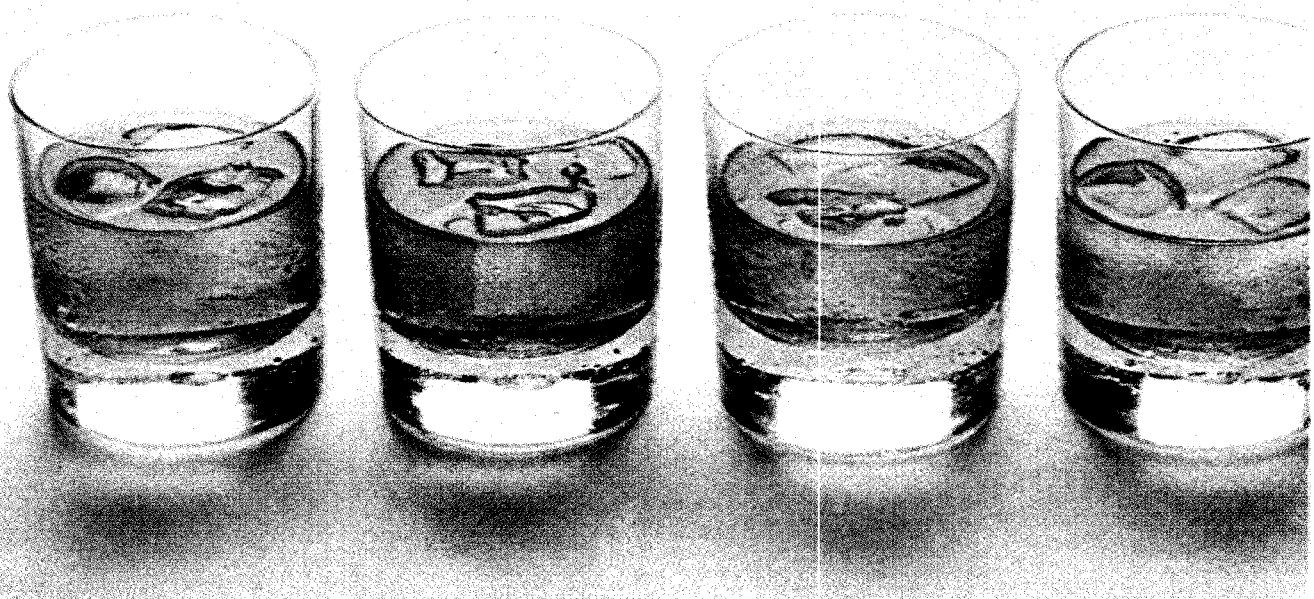
In India, China, and Japan there were food riots; Africa experienced mass starvation; death, epidemic, and hunger bestrode all the continents. Governments were taking Draconian measures to save mankind. Guilt, recrimination, despair, and hope for some miracle were expressed for all sufferers by the Metromedia newscasters, who asked: "How did we get here?" and "Shall we be saved?" In the end, the fictionalized newscast implied, everything would prove too little and too late. One by one the cities lost contact with Metromedia's station in the capital, where presumably the program was originating, and finally the circuitry from Washington fizzed out in a white dot on a black screen.

It was a reasonably grim ending, in keeping with the commendable intention of the Metromedia producers "to blast through the modern-day facade of ignoring a problem in the belief that it will disappear." "Belief" is the operative word. Metromedia wanted us to believe its fantasy Dystopia of 1985. Yet, throughout the program, at regular intervals, a voice, accompanied by a visual slide, announced: "This is a dramatization of a news program in the year 1985. The events described here are not actually occurring at this time." Similar disclaimers were also "crawled" from right to left at the bottom of the screen. The precautions, of course, were taken with historical retrospect, harking back to the nationwide panic set off by Orson Welles's 1938 radio dramatization of H. G. Wells's *War of the Worlds* (which employed simulated newscast techniques).

Either the disclaimers worked or modern TV audiences are more sophisticated than radio listeners were when broadcast news was young. No one, apparently, panicked over *1985*, although Metromedia telephone operators reported a flurry of calls from viewers who were eager to comment on the suitability and propriety of fictionalized news as a device for attacking the ecology problem.

People generally are sufficiently impressed with the seriousness of the environmental crisis to accept the plausibility of fantasized disasters in 1985. The program's content was competent-

Can you pick out your Scotch?



"Black & White." Scotch for people

All Scotches shown above were photographed under identical lighting with equal proportions of whisky and ice, using an 8x10 Plaubel camera with 165

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ly researched and often eloquently written by Don Bresnahan and Vernon Hixson, although the newscasters themselves were not quite up to playing the "roles" of newsmen convincingly. They were a bit too rigid and did not successfully execute some of the emotional directions given to them by the script.

Belief, however, is a matter of duration as well as intensity. Did the audience (including myself) *really* believe the program? The answer, I think sadly, must be no. For if we really believed that doom is coming—and within the next two decades—we would certainly do something about it. True, the hour-long, follow-up program presented by WNEW, the Metromedia station in New York, did address itself to what the individual citizen could do. It encouraged, among other responses, a revolt in the supermarkets against consumer convenience packages—don't buy nonreturnable bottles; bring your own shopping bag; etc. These are small evidences of earnestness, but we all know that averting impending worldwide famine will require the massive political, economic, and technical cooperation of every nation, particularly the United States and the Soviet Union.

To be successful such an effort would necessitate a redirection of the economic resources of the two superpowers on the order of up to 20 per cent of their GNP for at least ten to fifteen years (a mutual estimate made by C. P. Snow and Soviet Academician Andrei Sakharov). May we reasonably question whether we, as a nation, and our leaders are psychologically, intellectually, or financially prepared for such a radical convulsion of belief and behavior?

As for Metromedia, if it really believed its own message, the group would either abandon the television medium or convert into a missionary enterprise. What is the good of even an admirably mounted two-hour ecology special, in five cities, extensively promoted and offered without charge to other stations for replaying—if the stations return to business as usual, running endless commercials (without disclaimers) that entice viewers, in the words of the *1985* script, into "excessive consumption and the consequent rape of the Earth's resources . . ."?

"If we are to survive," prognosticated Metromedia correspondent Glenn Hanson toward the end of the program, "a massive educational program is imperative. . . . We need to institute a no-growth national economy, and perhaps we need to legislate and enforce a zero population-growth plan freezing all families at a maximum of two children. And then, and perhaps most importantly, we must prepare for a far simpler life." This is clearly a call for what Kenneth Boulding has termed "the space man economy"—a cyclical ecological system, without unlimited reservoirs of anything either for extraction or pollution. The call for a simpler space man economy has a special irony when it issues from commercial television, which is dedicated to education for "the cowboy economy," illimitable, reckless, exploitative, romantic, and violent, where consumption and production are regarded as good things in a context of infinite reservoirs from which material can be obtained and into which effluvia can be deposited.

The conclusion must be that most of us who saw the program didn't believe it—because we're still excessively eating, drinking, procreating, wasting, and polluting—and spending $2,000 for military hardware and personnel for every dollar spent to control human fertility. And so, not believing, we will go on toward 1985, over the edge of extinction promised by the program. (Note: This is a fictionalized critique of Metromedia's splendid ecology program *1985*. Do not believe it. No such events will actually occur. Do not believe . . . do not . . . do . . . .)

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Saturday Review

EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL

World Travel Photo Contest

Two Grand Prizes

Color winner:

Round-Trip to New Zealand

Black-and-white winner:

Round-Trip to Paris

PLUS 18 ADDITIONAL CASH PRIZES

Award-winning photographs will again be featured in Saturday Review's annual World Travel Calendar issue. This issue, appearing January 2, 1971, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The Calendar issue will be fully illustrated by the World Travel Awards photographs.

The winning pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography:

Norman Cousins—Editor, *Saturday Review*.

Norris Harkness—Past President, Photographic Society of America.

Ken Heyman—Photographer, author and world traveler.

Grace M. Mayer—Curator, Edward J. Steichen Archive, Department of Photography, The Museum of Modern Art.

Margaret R. Weiss—Photography Editor, *Saturday Review*.

The important thing is to read the complete rules and start sending in your entries now.

Deadline for entries is September 15, 1970.

Contest Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of Saturday Review and The McCall Publishing Co., members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Pictures must have been taken after May 30, 1969, in a locale visited on a vacation or business trip away from home.

3. Black-and-white photographs
   a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints 8x10 unmounted.
   b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.
   c. Developing and printing may be done by a photo finisher or the entrant. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.
   d. No negatives should be submitted.
   e. No black-and-white prints will be returned.

4. Color photographs
   a. Color pictures may be submitted as either transparency OR print. Do not submit a transparency and print of the same picture.
   b. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard only.
   c. Color prints must be no larger than 8x10 and unmounted.
   d. Stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.
   e. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.
   f. Transparencies and color prints will be returned only if accompanied by return postage: a minimum of 12 cents, in stamps or coin. **Do not send self-addressed envelopes.**

5. Saturday Review assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than one black-and-white **or** one color picture to this magazine's World Travel Photo Contest. All entries must be postmarked no later than September 15, 1970, to be eligible for judging. **IMPORTANT: No more than one picture may be submitted by any one entrant.**

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine without permission of Saturday Review, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner prior to January 2, 1971. Saturday Review retains first publication rights on winning pictures and the right to use them for promotional purposes.

DEADLINE SEPTEMBER 15, 1970 Saturday Review **380 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017**

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Updike

Continued from page 27

question because of course they do not accept the assumption behind it. Yet they may unwittingly have provided a clue to an answer in their "Afterword." They observe there that "the principal objection raised against them [Updike's writings] is that they are too slight and decorative, too narrowly restricted in range, and too concerned with the private world of feelings and with life's little problems to engage in full seriousness with the human situation and with the heights and depths of good and evil in our apocalyptic age. It has been the purpose of the present study to point out that, on the contrary, Updike's refusal to be heavily pretentious is the sign of his genuine seriousness. *Because he sees the smallness of all earthly things set under heaven's jurisdiction, he also knows that nothing is too small to reflect the radiance of eternity* [italics mine]."

One wonders if the Hamiltons understand the implications of what they are saying here. The critical issue has never been Updike's pretentiousness or lack of it, but rather his ability to create experiences that adequately reflect, not the radiance of eternity, but the radiance of the human condition in his time. From the theological point of view, furthermore, it may be perfectly sound, even saintly, to be aware of "the smallness of all earthly things set under heaven's jurisdiction." But in a writer of fiction it may well be fatal, since a writer is committed by the requirements of his medium to a secular view of existence. Events and people now on this earth must be crucial to him if he is to make them seem crucial in his art. He may conceive of salvation in terms of the renewal of psyche or spirit, not in relation to God or eternity but to human history and the contemporary thrust of history. He may believe in heaven, but it is the hell of life on earth that provides him with his agony and his wisdom.

One is glad to observe after all this that the Bech stories contain some real evidence that Updike is not a total believer in heaven, that, in fact, there is a strong secular side to his nature, which is displayed in these stories I think more clearly than in any of his other work. For the character of Bech is presented not in the perspective of eternity, but, if anything, in what Santayana called the perspective of the grave. He is a man doomed to exist experientially and to die with the death of his body. Hence, he lives, loves, and suffers maybe because he has no god and no hope of salvation except through his work and his women and the faint possibility that he may one day have an overwhelming apocalyptic experience.

It is doubtful if there is a single classical or theological allusion to be found anywhere in the Bech stories, but of course one cannot be sure. If there are no allusions, they are not missed. For here, perhaps briefly but one hopes for good, Updike has overcome his addiction to obliqueness and stylistic preciosity and written as straightforwardly and compellingly as he has ever written. If he continues to write in this way, he will have nothing to fear from God—if only God will protect him from his admirers.

GOOD LUCK, MISS WYCKOFF

by William Inge

Atlantic-Little, Brown, 179 pp., $4.95

Reviewed by Bernard Kaplan

■ People are continually wishing Evelyn Wyckoff good luck. She needs it. A thirty-seven-year-old spinster schoolteacher in Freedom, Kansas, she has become, because of her intimacy with a black junior college football player, a Midwestern pariah.

Through her affair with Rafe Collins, which is Evelyn's first, she staves off premature menopause and acts out her liberal theory of the sexual compatibility of the races. Though she forfeits her job and the comfort of friends, she hopes to be "a stronger woman now." After a life of much personal repression, she has finally faced "the world's precarious hostility."

William Inge's uneven first novel reveals Evelyn through a series of reminiscences as she is preparing to leave Freedom for her parents' home in Belleville. The book is effective when the author is at one with his character, when we are looking through Evelyn's eyes:

> When she saw [Dr. Neal] draw a rubber glove upon one hand and casually lubricate his middle finger, she felt a little dread, guessing what he meant to do. . . . She could not help but notice a look of repressed surprise upon his face when his finger was blocked from total entry.

Telling the story through Evelyn's consciousness, Inge is able not only to bring her alive but also to paint a portrait of her small Kansas town. Miss Wyckoff is Freedom's most literate, sensitive citizen. Her perceptions make a good focal point for the concerns of the others.

Unfortunately, as the novel progresses, Inge pads his character. Instead of letting Evelyn react to selected situations, he tells us how she feels about everything, from Jews to summers of Ph.D. work at Columbia. Breaking the measured flow of her thoughts, he jars the reader by stepping back to explain her. When Evelyn does not complain to the school principal about Rafe's advances, Inge moralizes that "people damned by guilt never see the means of their own salvation."

Once we become too aware of Inge's presence, the delicate balance between creator and creation turns mechanical. In the course of the novel Evelyn deteriorates from a sensitive woman to an accretion of attributes.

A brief book, *Good Luck, Miss Wyckoff* may nevertheless be too long. Evelyn's fortitude and heartbreak, convincing as they are, might more powerfully have served a short story.

Bernard Kaplan is the author of "Prisoners of This World," a collection of short stories.

"Gosh, Mr. Pilchard, you're no longer in your obscene period."

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Sergeant Cuff

WITH SADNESS, *SR* announces the retirement of Contributing Editor John T. Winterich. Mr. Winterich, who observed his seventy-ninth birthday on May 25, has been associated with *SR* since 1931, first as co-author of THE COMPLEAT COLLECTOR, a department devoted to rare books. After serving briefly as managing editor, he became a contributing editor in 1946. From 1948 to 1956 he wrote BOOKMARKS, a column of notes on books and authors, and in 1951 took over CRIMINAL RECORD, which he signed "Sergeant Cuff"—the name of a character in Wilkie Collins's *The Moonstone* and one of the earliest fictional detectives. His characteristically pungent reviews, whose brevity was indeed the soul of wit, delighted and informed; in 1966 they won him the Mystery Writers of America award as Critic of the Year.

Born in Middletown, Connecticut, John Tracy Winterich early moved to Providence, Rhode Island, and was graduated from Brown University in 1912. He wrote of his boyhood years in Providence in *Another Day, Another Dollar* (1947), an engaging collection of reminiscences about his experiences in such assorted occupations as grocery boy, census taker, gas-meter reader, and trolley-car conductor. They were times of financial hardship, for which the characteristic Winterich humor and high spirits were more than a match.

John Winterich is one of the foremost American bibliophiles and authorities on book collecting. His numerous works on the subject include *Early American Books and Printing* and *A Primer of Book Collecting*. He is a member of Phi Beta Kappa and the Bibliographical Society of America, a fellow of the Society of American Historians and holds an honorary Doctor of Letters degree from his alma mater. He is also, by his own account, founder and president of the Society for the Retardation of Revolving Doors.

When JTW submitted his resignation as "Sergeant Cuff" he quoted Emerson: "It is time to be old." To which one may respond in the words of Emerson's friend Oliver Wendell Holmes: "For him in vain the envious seasons roll/Who bears eternal summer in his soul."

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Criminal Record

Fact

He Slew the Dreamer. *By William Bradford Huie. Delacorte.* $5.95. Mr. Huie paid James Earl Ray $40,000 for exclusive rights to his version of the killing of Martin Luther King, Jr. He was never allowed to meet Ray, but correspondence between them—sometimes truth, sometimes lies—set the reporter off on the trail. Near the end of his book, Huie writes what may serve as a review: "The story is of relatively little value because it's only the story of another Oswald, another Sirhan, another twisted nut who kills a famous man to get on television. That's all there is to it. I'm going to complete the book for what it's worth, and try to present a true picture of a twisted nut and all the damage he can do. But far from making any money, I don't expect to get back what I will have spent."

Contempt. *Swallow.* $7.50; *paperback,* $1.95. This is the complete court transcript of the 175 contempt citations—with all of the interruptions—issued against the Chicago eight (Bobby Seale, Abbie Hoffman, Jerry Rubin, *et al.*) and their lawyers. Careful proofreading would have prevented dropped lines in the published text, but the book is important reading for the dwindling few who still want the privilege of making up their own minds as to whether justice was served or mocked.

Fiction

Treasure. *By A. E. Hotchner. Random House.* $6.95. When Mussolini ran for his life in 1945, he took with him a fortune estimated to be as high as $120-million. This is fact to which A. E. Hotchner (who wrote *Papa Hemingway*) has added a fictional search by Paul Selwyn. Once part of an Allied investigative team looking for the fortune, Paul was framed for murder and spent twenty-four years in an Italian prison. Now he wants the money as compensation for the lost years of his life. The facts are fascinating; Mr. Hotchner's writing is something less. Too many hairy-chested passages that sound like pseudo-Hemingway and too much that suggests the author believes

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himself to be the only American who ever visited Italy stand in the way of reader empathy.

Never Put Off Till Tomorrow What You Can Kill Today. *By John Godey. Random House.* $4.95. This is bit actor Jack Albany's second appearance. Here he borrows a raincoat from the theater checkroom, not noticing the little insignia on the collar, to sneak across the street for a drink while waiting to go on for his three-line part. The next thing he knows he's up to his ears in a crackpot conspiracy to take over the United States. Funny, yes—though there are moments when you can feel the author sweating for his laughs.

The Manx Cat. *By Fred Levon. World.* $4.95. The narration of this very fine psychological suspense novel leaps back and forth from the mind of a deranged student to that of an innocent pianist who has rented the apartment in which the boy has already killed once. The tension builds beautifully to the confrontation you know must take place. What happens awaits you with grisly pleasure.

The Case of Mary Fielding. *By Margaret Erskine. Doubleday.* $4.50. Four years after the brutal murder of Mary Fielding, apparently by burglars, the death of a clairvoyant who saw and told too much reopens the case and points the finger of guilt at someone close to Mary. A nice, neat job of plotting, and the reader has a fair chance at guessing the murderer.

Poetic Justice. *By Amanda Cross. Knopf.* $4.95. A whodunit for people who would never sully the language by saying who-done-it. The highly literate lady who wrote *The James Joyce Murder* has now turned to W. H. Auden and a most civilized tale of blood in the groves of academe. You may get weary of hearing characters repeat "As Auden said . . . ," and you may have some trouble sorting out the cast of faculty members the author introduces almost *en masse,* but it's worth it for the return in egghead fun.

The Hot Rock. *By Donald E. Westlake. Simon & Schuster.* $5.95. Mr. Westlake once again proves himself to be one of the funniest writers in the crime field today. The latest escapade begins with the heist of an emerald on display at New York City's Coliseum. But one of the five crooks involved in the caper—the one with the emerald—is arrested, so he must be broken out of jail if the gem is to be recovered. Guess where he stashed it when he was arrested? Enough of the plot—read and enjoy.

Haskel Frankel

"Genesis 1948"

Continued from page 30

are quite paranoid about Jews, Israeli or otherwise. The American visiting Arab countries these days is often asked what his religion is. It's a political question, not a religious one, so a gentile says "Christian" even if he's never seen the inside of a church. The questioner usually responds with a smile, an invitation to coffee, and the kind of serious, frank talk that Mr. Jacobs was seeking. His conversations with El Fatah and others were formal, and apparently took place in an atmosphere of suspicion.

The author's findings confirm what the newspapers have been saying over the past year or so—that the positions of the adversaries have hardened into concrete since the 1967 war. "Each side was becoming a distorted mirror image of the other," he reports, "each fulfilling the fantasies of the other."

Ostensibly that is the crux of the book, but I admit to being confused on this point. It seems to me that Mr. Jacobs's most lucid passages are not on the Israeli-Arab dilemma but on Israel itself and, to a lesser extent, on the American Jew. There has been a fair amount written on whether the Jews will remain Jews now that they have their own country. Mr. Jacobs talks about what is happening to the Jews of Israel in a continuous state of war. He quotes a particularly ominous warning from Jacob Talmon, the Israeli historian:

> All our energy and talent will go into spying, policing, repressing, and preventive action, and the perpetual state of emergency, the atmosphere of suspicion, fear, and peril will corrode the whole fabric of our life. The remarkable constructive character, the idealistic splendor, the wonderful humanistic spirit and values that were at the cradle of our great movement of renaissance would be entirely perverted. . . .

It is a very gloomy book. Israel today puts more of its gross national product into war than any other nation, and things seem to get worse. Mr. Jacobs obviously feels strongly about what is happening in Israel. His book, I believe, would be far more illuminating if the pages given to Arab affairs and distracting personal asides were instead devoted to telling us more about the Jew of the twentieth century.

John S. Carroll, White House correspondent for the Baltimore Sun, spent the first half of 1969 covering both sides in the Middle East conflict.

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Hits and Errors

by ZENA SUTHERLAND

The silly season is in full swing, the baseball books have emerged from spring training, and the voice of my favorite sports announcer is heard in the land. Perhaps this year a new record will be set, and there will be even more of his treasured comments. I've been collecting them for years: "This, of course, is repetitive from what has been said before, but. . . ." "The pitcher is converging under the ball." "We can see nothing from our point of vantage."

From my point of vantage I see fewer baseball books in 1970 though there will be more to come. Of the four fiction titles published to date, only one is outstanding: Scott Corbett's *The Baseball Bargain* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $3.95), whose hero, Woody, is so anxious to get on Leo's team that he agrees to steal a mitt. Caught by the store owner, Woody agrees to work off the price of the mitt by doing three good deeds. The baseball sequences are lively and are balanced by Woody's seriocomic struggles to be Sir Galahad.

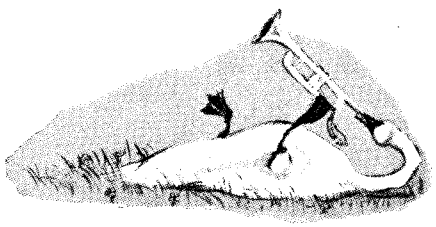
Another book for younger boys is Matt Christopher's *Shortstop from Tokyo* (Little, Brown, $3.25), in which Stogie resents it when his position is challenged by a Japanese boy visiting the States for a year. Heavy on game descriptions, the story has a limp subplot and a trite good-fellowship ending.

The remaining two books are for somewhat older readers. Stephen Lewinstein's *Double Play* (Westminster, $4.25) is a formula pennant-race story about a rookie with problems. His home run wins the last game in the championship for his team. In *Ball-Shy Pitcher*, by Richard Summers (Steck-Vaughn, $2.95), Kenneth, who is white, and a black friend strive for acceptance in a Mexican-American team. The plot bogs down with heavily informational dialogue about Kenneth's hobby of collecting snakes and lizards.

To nobody's surprise, there are three books about the Mets, and all of them are well worth reading. Joseph Durso's *Amazing: The Miracle of the Mets* (Houghton Mifflin, $5.95) opens with some flash scenes of Met players on the day they were signed up, and goes on to describe the mounting tension of the incredible 1969 season in a colorful, vigorous style. *Last to First: The Story of the Mets*, by Larry Fox (Harper & Row, $5.95), also does a capable job of reporting the progress of a fairy tale come true, and it includes an all-time Met roster, game records, and a picture of the beaming team. George Vecsey's *Joy in Mudville* (McCall, $5.95) goes back to the original Mets of 1883, mourns the decampment of the Giants and the Dodgers, describes the campaign for the establishment of today's Mets and their long enshrinement as the Great Losers. The three authors are sports writers for New York newspapers, and their knowledge and experience are pleasantly evident.

The baseball biographies do not follow any pattern. *Henry Aaron: Quiet Superstar*, by Al Hirshberg (Putnam, $3.64), is both simple enough for young readers and mature enough to interest older ones; it is larded with amusing anecdotes and is fairly objective in tone. In contrast, *Hawk*, by Ken Harrelson with Al Hirshberg (Viking, $5.95), is as flamboyant as Harrelson himself, a sophisticated, highly subjective, and most entertaining book. *Joe DiMaggio: The Golden Year 1941* (Prentice-Hall, $5.95) has some crisply written scenes, and a percipient, at times poignant, picture of DiMaggio. Unfortunately, it is distractingly interspersed with headlines, general news items, and popular song lyrics.

Across-the-board books are in the majority. *Great Catchers of the Major Leagues*, by Jack Zanger (Random House, $1.95), provides some biographical information, anecdotes, and career highlights for ten catchers in a breezy but hackneyed style. In Milton J. Shapiro's *Baseball's Greatest Pitchers* (Messner, $3.95) three "heroes of today," three of "yesterday's heroes," and four of "long, long ago" are described in prose that is often purple or banal: "Don Drysdale stood on the mound in Connie Mack Stadium, his handsome young face impassive, awaiting patiently the umpire's call to begin the duel." The same author's *All Stars of the Outfield* (Messner, $3.95) is more temperate in tone and gives lifetime and World Series records after each of the ten sketches. This is certainly more handy than the usual massive compilation at the back of the book.



—*From "The Trumpet of the Swan"*

Triple Crown Winners, by Howard Liss (Messner, $3.95), is fairly pedestrian in style, but the print is large, the sentences short, and the subject alluring for baseball fans. Al Hirshberg's *The Greatest American Leaguers* (Putnam, $3.64) is solid stuff, good baseball history. *World Series Highlights: Four Famous Contests*, by Guernsey Van Riper, Jr. (Garrard, $2.59), describes the Series of 1905, 1928, 1948, and 1968. The writing is direct but uneven, good in game descriptions but otherwise trite. C. Paul Jackson's *Baseball's Shrine: The National Baseball Hall of Fame and Museum* (Hastings House, $4.95), although stolidly written, is packed with facts.

The grand-slam homer this year is *The Baseball Encyclopedia* (Macmillan, $25). Subtitled "The Complete and Official Record of Major League Baseball," its 2,337 pages provide every kind of statistic imaginable. It will end forever any illusions you may have had about the record of Home Run Baker or the prowess of Tinker, Evers, and Chance. A hit, a palpable hit. To quote my television hero once more: "We've done something a little bit out of the unusual."

Peggy's New Brother. *Written and illustrated by Eleanor Schick. Macmillan. 31 pp.* $4.50. The story of a small child's adjustment to a new baby brother or sister has been told many times in books not unlike this, but it is particularly reassuring when the theme is handled briefly, realistically, and with no sugar-coating. The precise drawings show a pregnant young mother preparing for the new baby while Peggy shows only a mild disapproval. After her baby brother comes home, she feels a natural resentment at all the to-do but an equally natural desire to participate. Elected mother's helper, Peggy finds she isn't adept enough to do mother's job—but she also finds that nobody else in the family can amuse the baby as well as she does. Good preparation, a pleasant little story, and a small reflection of the changing father-image: wearing an apron, he tackles the dishes while mother looks after the baby. Ages 2-5.

The Boy Who Could Make Things. *By Edna Mitchell Preston. Illustrated by Leonard Kessler. Viking. 46 pp.* $3.50. Here's play therapy with a message of love, effectively and simply fictionalized and illustrated with clean, flat paper-doll

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—From "The Hopi Way"

figures. The little boy who could make things took crayon, scissors, paper, ruler, tape, and so on, and made a family: mother, father, boy, girl. He made them a house, and told them, "Now the way it is now. . . ." But every time he gave his little people directions, they were naughty —until he crayoned a bright red heart on each. Then they were kind, and the boy was happy. The obstreperous behavior, particularly of the paper parents, should delight the young, and the message is clear. Ages 4-7.

The Hopping Knapsack. *Written and illustrated by Lisl Weil. Macmillan.* 32 *pp.* $4.50. Peter's mother had assured him that he would have fun at M. Ouchy's summer *académie* in Switzerland, but things got off to a bad start. All the other boys spoke French, and they called Peter "Pierre." M. Ouchy did not seem to appreciate his trumpet-playing, and he seemed to appreciate even less the noisy young kid that came bouncing out of Peter's knapsack after a trip to an Alpine farm. The boys were captivated by the little animal, however, and they pleaded to be allowed to keep him. With this new bond, Peter-Pierre quickly learned French, and it turned out that mother was right: the summer was fun. The setting is sunny and Swiss, the covey of little boys has a touch of Bemelmans's appeal, and the illustrations are full of fun and vigor. Ages 5-8.

Benjie on His Own. *By Joan M. Lexau. Illustrated by Don Bolognese. Dial.* 38 *pp.* $3.95. Benjie had started school a week before, and he felt it unnecessary for Granny to pick him up or to watch him when he played in the street. "Not on these streets, child," Granny said. "It isn't safe for you to be on your own yet." When Granny didn't show up one day, Benjie decided she must be ill, and started off hoping he could find the way, then realized he was afraid of the bigger, tough Harlem boys. Benjie's coping with Grandma's illness is believable, and the reaction of the hitherto unknown neighbors is heartwarming without being in the least sentimental. Every child can share Benjie's apprehension, appreciate his rising to the crisis, sympathize with his relief when a neighbor takes him in. The strong, sensitive illustrations echo the no-pity, no-drama attitude of the story. Ages 5-8.

The Drinking Gourd. *By F. N. Monjo. Illustrated by Fred Brenner. Harper & Row.* 64 *pp.* $2.50. Effectively illustrated with spare, subdued pictures, this story of a New England boy's introduction to the Underground Railroad is deft and convincing. The dialogue is natural and the simplicity of the writing exactly suited to the independent reader. Sent home from church because he has been fooling about, Tommy stumbles on a black family in the hayloft and learns that his father keeps a station on the route to Canada. Big Jeff explains to the boy the significance of the "drinking gourd"—the Big Dipper that points the way North. While traveling to the next station the party is stopped by a U.S. marshal and is saved by Tommy's quick thinking. No great heroics here, but a believable courage. Ages 7-8.

Jeanne d'Arc. *By Aileen Fisher. Illustrated by Ati Forberg. Crowell.* 52 *pp.* $4.50. Even a peasant girl of eleven understood that France must be united or it would perish, and little Jeanne wished she could be a soldier and fight for her country. When she first heard the voices, Jeanne told nobody, but she obeyed their directions. The familiar story is beautifully retold for young readers, with just enough historical background and a reverent simplicity that is echoed in the illustrations. Softly drawn, with a bold economy of line, the pictures of the Maid and the portraits of simple peasant faces and brooding courtiers are stunning. Ages 8-10.

The Hopi Way. *By Mary Elting. Illustrated by Louis Mofsie. Evans/Lippincott.* 63 *pp.* $3.95. When Louis Mofsie was a small boy in New York City, he was taken to Arizona to spend a summer with his father's relatives in Hopiland. The community and the way of life, the ceremonies and the feasts are described with ingenuous enthusiasm. There is a particular charm to the ancient and dignified rituals as seen for the first time by an eager child, and in his first-person narrative the author has expressed with quiet competence the memories of the illustrator. The pictures, alas, though abounding in interesting architectural and costume details, are awkward. Ages 8-10.

Mumbet: The Story of Elizabeth Freeman. *By Harold W. Felton. Illustrated by Donn Albright. Dodd, Mead.* 64 *pp.* $3.75. Bet had heard a gentleman talking in her owner's study about the new constitution of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. All men are born free and equal, he said, and Bet wondered how that could be true and yet she be a slave. Illiterate but intelligent, firm in her idea of justice, Bet went to a young lawyer and asked for his help. Her owner refused to let her leave his house until he was forced to do so by a sheriff armed with a writ of replevin. In August 1781, Elizabeth Freeman won her freedom in court. The second part of this amazing true story, describing how Mumbet (as she had come to be called by the lawyer's children) shrewdly and courageously handled a raiding party, is almost anticlimactic. The style is sedate and the long, factual introduction unexciting, but Mumbet is a stalwart character and the book is a welcome contribution to black history for the young. Ages 9-11.

The Trumpet of the Swan. *By E. B. White. Illustrated by Edward Frascino. Harper & Row.* 210 *pp.* $4.50. Camping in the Canadian woods with his father, Sam Beaver steals away to watch a pair of swans and their five cygnets. He is quite unaware that the swans have been discussing him, and he certainly doesn't expect to run into any of them back in Montana. But then, who would expect a swan to show up wanting to learn to read books and music? Louis, the trumpeter swan who is mute and therefore cannot woo a mate, is determined to learn to play the trumpet, and he becomes so proficient that he has a distinguished career as a performer, including a nightclub stint. The plot is diverting, and the half-tone illustrations reflect its humor, but it is the style that makes the book a masterpiece. The father swan, orotund in the Micawber tradition, intones at the first cygnet's birth: "Oh, blessed little son of mine, how good it is to see your face peering through the protecting feathers of your mother's breast, under these fair skies. . . ." Ages 9-11.

Life and Death. *By Herbert S. Zim and Sonia Bleeker. Illustrated by René Martin. Morrow.* 64 *pp.* $3.50. This is a long-needed book dealing matter-of-factly with a subject usually treated, in books for the young, with careful circumlocution or saccharine tenderness. Mr. and Mrs. Zim are crisp and clear in their discussions of life-spans, the aging process, the end of life-functions, and the roles of doctors, ministers, and morticians. The text ends with a description of some of the diverse customs and traditions of peoples in their observance of bereavement. The illustrations are static, the diagrams useful. A serious flaw in an otherwise excellent book is its failure to point out that it is not necessary to employ an undertaker, and that one can bequeath one's body for use in medical research. Ages 9-12.

Dwellers of the Tundra: Life in an Alaskan Eskimo Village. *By Aylette Jenness. Photographs by Jonathan Jenness. Crowell-Collier.* 117 *pp.* $5.95. Aylette Jenness spent a year in the village of Makumiut while her husband completed an anthropological study, and her perceptive observations about the people (place and personal names changed) are recorded with candor and respect. Aberrations are treated as personal; the Eskimo is the norm, the white observer a foreigner. The first section is brief: a description of the freedom and plenty of summer with its opportunity for wider social horizons. The second

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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

Another Tramp Abroad

FIELDING, Michelin, Fodor—they all stood ready to guide me eastward from Heidelberg on an afternoon in late May, but my chosen companion, as I followed the Neckar River upstream and into the romantic folds of central Germany, was Mark Twain. That freest of lancers, at home on any river, had rafted down the Neckar from Heilbronn to Heidelberg nearly a century ago, a comical and rhapsodic voyage he described in *A Tramp Abroad*.

He had found the German summer "the perfection of the beautiful," and his words were almost enough to convince a solo traveler to trade in his Volkswagen for a raft: "Nobody has understood, and realized, and enjoyed the utmost possibilities of this soft and peaceful beauty unless he has voyaged down the Neckar on a raft. The motion of a raft is the needful motion; it is gentle, and gliding, and smooth, and noiseless; it calms down all feverish activities. . . . How it contrasts with hot and perspiring pedestrianism, and dusty and deafening railroad rush, and tedious jolting behind tired horses over blinding white roads!"

Highways of the region have been improved in the ensuing ninety years, but not so much that a driver with time to spare and a taste for narrow, unprogramed roads can't still find a little adventure along the Neckar. My night's destination was Hornberg Castle. Twain had not neglected this landmark, although he was a traveler who often passed up the more ballyhooed sights in pursuit of his own fancy. Twain and his companion, Joseph Twichell, whom he called Mr. Harris in his chronicles, had easily spotted the castle "on a bold elevation" 200 feet above the river, but my view was blocked by overhanging greenery, and the signs to Hornberg, almost subliminal in their attraction, served to taunt this wayward traveler. When I'd finally located the missing path winding up a hillside to the castle, it was all I could do amidst the vine-crawling crumble and 600-year-old spirits to shake up a live body. I found three by the kitchen, very much alive and spilling out of their low-scooped dirndls, and was directed to the keeper of the castle.

Burkhard Baron von Gemmingen, a tall and soft-spoken young man whose titled kin have held Hornberg for thirteen generations, offered me a room with large bed and bath in a newly built, wood-paneled cottage, observing that it was just the thing for American tourists who might be squeamish about lodging in the less commodious sector of the old wing. I said I'd prefer to take my chances among the battlements, and so, before excusing himself and returning to bed to nurse a lame back, he sent me off in the company of one of the dirndls. We settled on a room with a well-placed window from which I could gaze through a gnarled tree and down sloping vineyards to the river.

At dinner on an open terrace I read more of Mark Twain in the fading light, while swallows chased across the sky and barges chugged and hummed on the Neckar. I saw no rafts. Twain had found Hornberg's slopes "thick with grape vines" where now, in this earlier season, stood acres of unclad stakes. Perhaps the only other notable changes in the landscape were the industrial plants astride the near and far shores, one dispensing cement, the other electronic parts.

Then as now the castle owed its place in history to a sixteenth-century robber knight named Götz von Berlichingen, Germany's answer to Robin Hood. His presence had stalked Mark Twain at every turn of the Neckar. Hornberg, Götz's home and hideout, displays such memorabilia as his coat of arms, weapons, and various letters he wrote in a hand that had led Twain to observe: "He was a better artist with his sword than with his pen."

Next morning, Hans-Wolf von Gemmingen, Burkhard's older brother and the resident vintner, led me up into the castle ruins, all atangle with lilac and ivy. The von Gemmingens are gradually tapping the castle's touristic potential. Eighteen or twenty hotel rooms will soon be built in the 400-year-old sheep stalls—"with all the comforts," I was assured—and up in the round-tower jail cell one can push a button and look down into a dungeon that lights up to show a skeleton lying at the bottom. In a museum containing crossbows, shields, maces, and other armaments of the Thirty Years' War, there is posted a famous passage from a Goethe play that rescued Götz from possible historical oblivion. In a moment of pique, the bold knight—who was leading a peasants' revolt—shouted to a messenger of the emperor: *"Da schrie ich wieder zu ihm hinauf, er sollte mich hinden löcken."* No doubt the passage loses in translation, but roughly it amounts to: "I cried up to him, he could kiss my —." To this day Germans who wish to deliver a like message in less clinical terms merely pronounce the knight's full name, with feeling.

West Germany puts up tourists in some ninety converted castles, ten of which are clustered in the Neckar region. Heading east from Hornberg, I stopped for lunch in Jagsthausen at a castle called Götzenburg—named of course for the peripatetic knight who was born within its walls in 1480. Well off the Autobahns and far from the clamor of industrial Germany, I found myself at one point on a road so remote that it nearly petered out in a meadow. I chose to follow a tractor on the hope it wasn't heading into the fields for a day's work, and presently it led me over a crest and into view of a red-roofed village.

Götzenburg looked as deserted as Hornberg had the night before, save a few workmen putting up a stage in the courtyard for the annual Götz Festival to be produced later in the summer, complete with the knight's immortal cry. Trying every door and stairway in sight, I finally located the restaurant

"Quick! There is a dial tone on three."

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and there dined on the specialty of the season, *Spargel*—German asparagus. In May and June when these tender yellow shoots are harvested, most notably in the area of Schwetzingen, near Heidelberg, many restaurants offer a special *Spargel* menu with dozens of different dishes.

Götz's name and memory are perpetuated at Götzenburg by a Baroness von Berlichingen, who lives in one wing of the castle, and by a museum that treasures two of the iron hands it claims the knight wore on different occasions after losing one of his own in battle. According to a pamphlet given me at the museum, the more elaborate iron hand, with a button to open and close the fingers, was crafted with such ingenuity by a village blacksmith that it aroused the professional interest five centuries later of a distinguished German surgeon, Professor Sauerbruch (who sounds rather like a Sid Caesar creation).

East of Jagsthausen is Germany's fabled Romantische Strasse, or "Romantic Way," a route that meanders south from Würzburg through a network of lovely medieval towns such as Creglingen, Dinkelsbühl, and Rothenburg. I stopped late in the afternoon in Rothenburg, a walled city that has stood up admirably to time and the droves of tourists who clog its narrow streets each summer. My room in the Goldener Hirsch had a back terrace overlooking the Tauber River valley, a scene Disney could not have copied. In fact, moviedom has moved into Rothenburg at least twice in recent history, to film *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang* and *The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm.*

I watched the sun, a burnished gold, drop behind the town's steep walls, while a jet trailed a white pinstripe across the sky. In the valley a farmer had left his mowing machine beside a large D-shaped patch of uncut grass. A breeze drifted up from the valley, carrying with it the smells — rich, earthy, not unpleasant—of a farmyard. It could have been any century, least of all, perhaps, the twentieth.

Just before nine o'clock I walked to the market place to join a crowd of rubberneckers waiting for Rothenburg's nightly main event, an animated chiming of a clock high on the Ratstrinkstube (or councilors' drinking hall). On the hour, two windows on either side of the clock swing open and out pop the figures of Tilly, a Catholic, who conquered the Protestant town in 1631, and the Burgermeister Nusch, who was far more than a one-beer man. Tilly, so the tale went, promised to spare the town if a burger could drink a three-liter goblet of wine in one swallow. Nusch, whose feat is also memorialized in a pleasant wine tavern named after him, took the challenge, and won. At nine o'clock, as the tableau unfolded, an American woman tourist, who doubtless had downed a goblet or two herself, shouted into the starry night: "Fire it down, Sport! Down the hatch!"

—Rapho Guillumette

Medieval Rothenburg—standing up admirably to time and tourism.

Next morning the German weather I'd been warned about dropped a wet blanket on Rothenburg, forcing me and Helmuth Wundt, an official city guide, to stay close to the sheltered wall that rings the old section. An elderly man who had once lived five years in Canada, Herr Wundt was proud of the idioms he had learned abroad, such as "hit the hay." I marveled at the sight of a row of half-beam stone houses dating to the Middle Ages, and he said: "Yes, they are nice to look at from the outside—they have a toilet and running water—but I tell you, it is kind of smelly inside, the old wood. Not like your hotel. The people have to clean the wood every day, and still it is smelly." He had all the appropriate figures poised on his tongue—twelve water fountains in the old city, thirty-two remaining towers, five churches (two Catholic and three Protestant)—and I couldn't even catch him off guard with an inquiry as to the number of pharmacies (five). The question was not extraneous. I had the beginnings of a cold.

We met Rothenburg's leading film star, Georg Gerlach, the village smithy, who had a part in *Chitty Chitty, Brothers Grimm,* and, he added, an American brewery commercial. Gerlach, an old man who lets a few rooms above his blacksmith shop, wanted to talk on, but Wundt guided me away so we wouldn't lose any more time on the step-by-step schedule he seemed to be keeping. Gerlach, practically cut off in midsentence, stood in the drizzle outside his shop and shouted after me to send him a copy of the article I was to write.

One of Rothenburg's grandest treasures is the Altar of the Holy Blood in St. Jakobskirche, carved by the German stone and wood sculptor Tilman Riemenschneider, around 1500. All but the figure of Judas was wrought from a single piece of lime tree, a work that took Riemenschneider four years to complete. The only job he did that was considered superior was the St. Marie's Altar in Creglingen. Riemenschneider, like Götz von Berlichingen, was something of a folk hero in his own time. As burgermeister of Würzburg, he also aided the peasants in their insurrection of 1525, an act for which he paid with a long prison sentence. What *he* told the emperor to do is not recorded.

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The U.N. at 25

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economic development and indeed to the future of humanity, is the population explosion. The U.N. has concerned itself with this problem in recent years, but a great deal more must be done. If governments do not give the U.N. the authority and resources to assist and supplement national efforts, then they will have defaulted on a major international obligation.

The U.N. also must take measures to prevent further deterioration of the human environment. Our survival depends upon successful action here. But it is not possible to achieve success by national initiative alone. The environment anywhere concerns people everywhere. Here is a new and demanding challenge. Will the United Nations be equal to it? Specifically, will the international conference on problems of the human environment to convene in Stockholm in 1972 recognize the urgency of the problem and begin solving it through international cooperation and agreement? Or will it be another spectacular international gathering where speeches are made, documents circulated, and resolutions passed—and then forgotten? This conference, in short, will be a very real test for the U.N. I know that its vital significance is understood by those who are preparing for it in New York. The responsibility, however, for success or failure, as always, will rest on the member states—especially on the great powers, which do most of the polluting, often without regard to its effect on others.

I must also stress the necessity of bringing international law to bear upon the realities of our present environmental problems. In certain new fields that law often is unclear or unrealistic because it is based on concepts, such as freedom of the seas and the right of innocent passage, that in their traditional interpretation are irrelevant to present conditions. The U.N. could perform a service of very great importance by pressing its members to clear up these international legal difficulties by general agreement. Otherwise states will make national arrangements for their own protection against pollution, with resulting conflicts of interest and of jurisdiction.

Another area in which U.N. action could be vital concerns the peaceful use of outer space. This question involves law, sociology, and technology—and, above all, the matter of security, which makes the problem one of politics. Satellite systems are adding a whole new dimension to communication between people, without regard to national boundaries. If they are also to bring about greater international understanding, it is essential that there be international agreements, including measures by which the poor and developing countries can be brought into the new stream of space research and technology.

It is encouraging, therefore, that the U.N. has already made progress in preparing and enacting agreements, including one on the principles governing the activities of members in the exploration and use of outer space. A committee also is examining the question of direct broadcasting from satellites, something that could be of immense importance for the promotion of peace and better understanding between nations. This, however, will not happen unless there is active and constructive cooperation between the United States and the Soviet Union as members of the United Nations.

There is the question, again new and of great significance, of international control of the seabed beyond the limits of national jurisdictions. If progress cannot be made toward an international regime of some kind over outer space and underwater, if fear of "supranational" interference leads to the freezing of national claims, then we will merely transfer to these areas the conflicts that have brought so much bloodshed and destruction to the Earth.

It is encouraging that the United Nations has begun to deal with the seabed through a permanent committee of the Assembly. I hope that this committee will not get lost in a maze of national political and international legal considerations.

As a final suggestion, I would like to recommend that the General Assembly authorize the Secretary General to appoint three well-qualified individuals of broad experience and high reputation to report to him their personal views on what should be done to make the United Nations function more effectively. The report then could be debated in a special session of the Assembly. If such a discussion did nothing else, it would focus world opinion on the need for structural change within the organization. It would clarify ideas on what kind of changes are necessary and practical. It would be a test of the sincerity of those governments that so often and so eloquently keep telling us that the United Nations must succeed, that it must be made to work, that it is "the last great hope of mankind."

If the U.N. is indeed the last great hope of mankind, then it is time the nations of the world resolve to do something about it—through action, not merely talk. There could be no better way to celebrate its birthday.

Leadership

Continued from page 21

followed instantly by proposals from the United States and the United Kingdom. Any commemorative observance naturally would be buoyed by another leap forward in disarmament — but within the framework of U.N. partnership.

In his address the President could indicate that the United States accepts the necessity of developing world law, which, in contrast to international law, involves the relationship of nations and individuals to international society. He also could indicate that this country now is committed to giving much of its foreign aid through United Nations agencies that are struggling to narrow the gap between advanced and emerging states. Britain, West Germany, and other nations have agreed to contribute 1 per cent of their gross national products to world development. Regretfully, the U.S. contribution continues to fall more and more behind that percentage.

On May 23 President Nixon announced the U.S. ocean policy to be presented to the August meeting of the United Nations Seabed Committee. He proposed that member nations quickly adopt a treaty under which they would renounce all national claims over the natural resources of the seabed beyond 200 meters and agree to regard these resources as the common heritage of mankind. Many details are to be negotiated, particularly the ambiguity involving the intermediate zone that would be put under the trusteeship of the coastal states. However, the spirit of the President's proposal is indicated by his conclusion in which he states that, if "... we can save over two-thirds of the Earth's surface from national conflict and rivalry, protect it from pollution, and put it to use for the benefit of all—this would be a fitting achievement for this twenty-fifth anniversary year of the United Nations."

Governments, U.N. agencies, and private organizations are formulating suggestions to the United Nations for the declaration to be adopted on October 24. These suggestions must not only concern themselves with the present U.N. difficulties. They must look ahead to the next twenty-five years. The report of the Commission to Study the Organization of Peace, *The United Nations: The Next Twenty-five Years*, is being widely read, as an example. The next twenty-five years will see more profound changes in man's way of living than the last twenty-five years. All the suggestions for meeting them must be built upon a spiritual unity and global partnership in the U.N.

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—*Dominic.*

Sir David on the Covent Garden stage with a rehearsal in progress—"a fund of public and professional good will."

THE WEBSTER ERA AT COVENT GARDEN

by DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

LONDON.

The winds of change are blowing around Covent Garden: not only in the produce market, which is about to make its long-discussed migration to new quarters south of the river, but in the Royal Opera House itself, which is undergoing a complete reshuffle in the upper regions of its administration.

As Americans by now are well aware, Sir Frederick Ashton is on the verge of retiring from his long and fruitful period as director of the Royal Ballet, where he will be succeeded jointly by Kenneth MacMillan and John Field; while in a year's time Georg Solti will hand over the operatic reins to another duumvirate, Colin Davis and Peter Hall. A third figure, less familiar perhaps to the international public, but of great consequence on the home ground and within the profession, is the general administrator, Sir David Webster; at the end of the current season he yields control to his present second-in-command, John Tooley, a member of the Covent Garden staff since 1955.

Sir David has had a long and eminently successful inning. He has been at Covent Garden, in the same executive chair, ever since the war; and there are few if any operatic *intendants* (to use the German term) who have held their posts for so long.

The famous old opera house began to slide under public control (it is still not publicly owned) in 1944, when the publishing firm of Boosey and Hawkes took a lease on the building and obtained a promise of modest financial support from the Council for the Encouragement of Music and the Arts, as our present Arts Council was then cumberously called. A strong committee was formed under the chairmanship of Lord Keynes, and Mr. Webster was named as general administrator.

At that time few operagoers had heard of him. He had made his name in Liverpool in business and in theatrical circles. As an undergraduate he produced several British operas for the Liverpool Repertory Opera Company, and on one occasion he even trod the stage, as the narrator in Stravinsky's *Soldier's Tale*. His musical enthusiasm and acute business sense came together during the war in his work as chairman of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society; it was certainly his conspicuous success in this field that brought his abilities to the notice of the Covent Garden trust.

They made a happy choice. The task ahead was formidable: not the reconstitution of an existing opera company, but the building up of a large-scale fresh company from scratch. It was a wise initial step to persuade the Sadler's Wells Ballet to migrate en masse to Covent Garden, and it was the ballet that in 1946 formally reopened the lovely but neglected theater with *The Sleeping Beauty*, a possibly symbolical choice.

A year later, the new opera company, under the direction of Karl Rankl, pro-

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duced *Carmen*, followed by various other standard operas. It soon became clear that the difficulties in the opera company's path were far greater than those facing the ballet company—greater, perhaps, than had been foreseen.

The opera company had been assembled on a principle at that time dear to intellectual and musical circles: that everything should be sung in English, and as far as possible by English singers. But English singers capable of sustaining principal roles in so large a house could not be summoned into existence by a wave of the hand; and when in due course they did arrive, the policy had changed. The rather absurd expedient of making artists like Flagstad and Schwarzkopf and Hotter relearn their roles in English was soon abandoned; and the public's desire to hear the world's chief singers in their leading roles was accepted as an immutable fact. Henceforward, in the standard Italian and German operas, at least, English was quietly dropped in favor of the original tongue.

In this decision, as in many others, Sir David's sound business instinct, as well as his artistic sense, led him to support the wiser view; while his experience and skill in negotiation proved immensely useful in obtaining for the theater a treasury grant that may look small by Austrian or Italian or Russian standards, it is now about £1,250,000 ($3-million), but that is nevertheless substantial and, in this country, unprecedented. Webster also showed his adaptability when in the course of time the pioneering Rankl was succeeded by Rafael Kubelik and later (in 1961) by Solti. It was the Solti/Webster regime of the Sixties that put Covent Garden again decisively on the map as one of the leading international centers of opera.

Already in 1957 Kubelik's presentation of the complete *Trojans* of Berlioz had made operatic history; the following year saw the beginning of a series of spectacular productions by Visconti and Zeffirelli (*Don Carlos, Lucia di Lammermoor, Cav* and *Pag, Falstaff, Tosca*, and others) that shed much luster on the theater. Every leading foreign singer now welcomed an invitation to Covent Garden; at the same time, an increasing number of British singers (Joan Sutherland, Gwyneth Jones, Josephine Veasey, Sir Geraint Evans, Peter Glossop, and many more) found themselves in demand all over the operatic world.

It is difficult to assign the part played in all this expanding activity as between the general administrator and the musical director; often, no doubt, they would feel uncertain themselves. In a harmonious ensemble such as Sir

(*Continued on page* 46)

OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN: 1946-1970

The repertory is listed in order of its production. P (Producer), in the British usage, takes in stage direction, and possibly more, D (Designer), C (Conductor), / (indicates role shared by more than one performer). Each year's new productions contributed to a rotating repertory of approximately 25 works per season.

1946-47

The Fairy Queen (Purcell) 12-12-46
P: Baker-Smith and Ashton, D: Ayrton, C: Lambert

Carmen (Bizet) 1-14-47 P: Cass, D: Burra, C: Rankl

Manon (Massenet) 1-30-47 P: Ashton, D: Bailey, C: Goodall

Die Zauberflöte (Mozart) 3-20-47 P: Baker-Smith, D: Messel, C: Rankl

Der Rosenkavalier (Strauss) 4-22-47 P: Cross, D: Ironside, C: Rankl

Turandot (Puccini) 5-29-47 P: Benthall, D: Hurry, C: Lambert
Eva Turner as Turandot

Il Trovatore (Verdi) 6-23-47 P: Gellner, D: Hill, C: Goodall

1947-48

Rigoletto (Verdi) 10-31-47 P: Gellner, D: Bailey, C: Rankl

Peter Grimes (Britten) 11-6-47 P: Guthrie, D: Moiseivitch, C: Rankl

Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg (Wagner) 1-21-48 P: Gellner, D: (Prewar), C: Rankl

Tristan und Isolde (Wagner) 2-19-48 P: Schramm, D: (Prewar), C: Rankl
Flagstad as Isolde

Die Walküre (Wagner) 3-3-48 P: Schramm, D: Pemberton (Act I), (Prewar Acts II and III). Flagstad

La Traviata (Verdi) 4-6-48 P: Guthrie, D: Fedorovitch, C: Goodall. Schwarzkopf

Boris Godunov (Mussorgsky) 5-12-48 P: Brook, D: Wakhevitch, C: Rankl

1948-49

Aïda (Verdi) 9-29-48 P: Benthall, D: Cruddas, C: Rankl. Welitsch

La Bohème (Puccini) 10-15-48 P: Brook, D: (Prewar), C: Rankl
Schwarzkopf, Welitsch as Musetta

Siegfried (Wagner) 11-11-48 P: Schramm, D: (Prewar), C: Rankl
Varnay/Flagstad as Brünnhilde

Fidelio (Beethoven) 12-9-48 P: Schramm, D: Whistler (Prewar), C: Rankl

Le Nozze di Figaro (Mozart) 1-22-49 P: Brook, D: Gerard, C: Rankl

Das Rheingold (Wagner) 5-12-49 P: Schramm, D: (Prewar), C: Rankl

Götterdämmerung (Wagner) 5-25-49 P: Schramm, D: (Prewar), C: Rankl
Flagstad, Svanholm, Hotter/Schoeffler

1949-50

The Olympians (Bliss) 9-29-49 P: Brook, D: Bryan, C: Rankl

Salome (Strauss) 11-11-49 P: Brook, D: Dali, C: Rankl. Welitsch

Lohengrin (Wagner) 12-15-49 P: Erhardt, D: (Prewar), C: Rankl

Madama Butterfly (Puccini) 1-17-50 P: Helpmann, D: Fedorovitch, C: Braithwaite. Schwarzkopf

1950-51

Der fliegende Holländer (Wagner) 10-19-50 P: Tietjen, D: (Prewar), C: Rankl

Tosca (Puccini) 11-18-50 P: West, D: (Prewar), C: Braithwaite

The Queen of Spades (Tchaikovsky) 12-21-50 P: Benthall, D: Messel, C: Kleiber

Salome (Strauss) 1-25-51 P: West, D: Glock, C: Rankl

The Pilgrim's Progress (Vaughan Williams) 4-26-51 P: Coghill, D: Burton, C: Hancock

Parsifal (Wagner) 6-16-51 P: Tietjen, D: (Prewar), C: Rankl. Flagstad

The Bohemian Girl (Balfe) 8-15-51 P: Arundell, D: Crooke, C: Beecham
Roberta Peters

1951-52

Billy Budd (Britten) 12-1-51 P: Coleman, D: Piper, C: Britten/Gellhorn

Wozzeck (Berg) 1-22-52 P: Austin, D: Neher, C: Kleiber

1952-53

Un ballo in maschera (Verdi) 10-23-52 P: Rennert, D: Barlow; C: Pritchard. Amelias included Joan Sutherland

Norma (Bellini) 11-8-52 P: Enriquez, D: Barlow, C: Gui
Callas as Norma, Stignani/Simionato

Orphée (Gluck) 2-3-53 P: Ashton, D: Fedorovitch, C: Barbirolli
Kathleen Ferrier as Orphée

Elektra (Strauss) 5-13-53 P: Hartmann, D: Isabel Lambert, C: Kleiber

Gloriana (Britten) 6-8-53 P: Coleman, D: Piper, C: Pritchard

1953-54

Carmen (Bizet) 11-2-53 P: Asquith, D: Wakhevitch, C: Pritchard. Nell Rankin

Le Coq d'or (Rimsky-Korsakov) 1-7-54 P: Helpmann, D: Sainthill, C: Markevitch

Der Freischütz (Weber) 4-23-54 P: West, D: Furse, C: Downes. Joan Sutherland shared Agatha with Sylvia Fisher

Das Rheingold (Wagner) 5-27-54 P: Hartmann, D: Hurry, C: Stiedry

Die Walküre (Wagner) 6-2-54 P: Hartmann, D: Hurry, C: Stiedry

Siegfried (Wagner) 6-8-54 P: Hartmann, D: Hurry, C: Stiedry

Götterdämmerung (Wagner) 6-17-54 P: Hartmann, D: Hurry, C: Stiedry
Margaret Harshaw sang all Brünnhildes

1954-55

Les Contes d'Hoffmann (Offenbach) 10-26-54 P: Rennert, D: Wakhevitch, C: Downes. Sutherland shared Olympia, Antonia, and Giulietta with others

Troilus and Cressida (Walton) 12-3-54 P: Devine, D: Casson, C: Sargent/Goodall

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The Midsummer Marriage (Tippett) 1-27-55 P: West, D: Hepworth, C: Pritchard

The Bartered Bride (Smetana) 5-4-55 P: West, D: Brazda, C: Kubelik

1955-56

Otello (Verdi) 10-17-55 P: Potter, D: Wakhevitch, C: Kubelik

Tannhäuser (Wagner) 11-21-55 P: Austin, D: Koltai, C: Kempe

Die Zauberflöte (Mozart) 1-19-56 P: West, D: Piper, C: Kubelik

1956-57

Jenufa (Janáček) 12-10-56 P: West, D: Brazda, C: Kubelik

Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg (Wagner) 1-28-57 P: Witte, D: Wakhevitch, C: Kubelik, Sutherland

The Trojans (Berlioz) 6-6-57 P: Gielgud, D: Andreu, C: Kubelik

1957-58

Aïda (Verdi) 10-28-57 P: Wallmann, D: Fiume, C: Kubelik

The Carmelites (Poulenc) 1-16-58 P: Wallmann, D: Wakhevitch, C: Kubelik

Don Carlos (Verdi) 5-9-58 P: Visconti, D: Visconti, C: Giulini
Brouwenstijn, Barbieri, Vickers, Gobbi, Christoff

Tristan und Isolde (Wagner) 6-4-58 P: West, D: Hurry, C: Kubelik
Fisher/Nilsson, Dalis, Vinay, Kraus

1958-59

Samson (Handel) 11-15-58 P: Graf, D: Messel, C: Leppard

Lucia di Lammermoor (Donizetti) 2-17-59 P: Zeffirelli, D: Zeffirelli, C: Serafin
Sutherland, Neate, Evans (Enrico)

Parsifal (Wagner) 5-15-59 P: Graf, D: Walter, C: Kempe
Lammers as Kundry, Liebl/Vickers as Parsifal, Waechter, Kraus, Frick

Médée (Cherubini) 6-17-59 P: Minotis, D: Tsarouchis, C: Resigno
Callas, Cossotto, Vickers, Zaccaria

1959-60

Cavalleria Rusticana (Mascagni) 12-16-59 P: Zeffirelli, D: Zeffirelli, C: Downes

Pagliacci (Leoncavallo) 12-16-59 P: Zeffirelli, D: Zeffirelli, C: Downes

Macbeth (Verdi) 3-31-60 P: Benthall, D: Wakhevitch, C: Molinari-Pradelli

Il Barbiere di Siviglia (Rossini) 5-16-60 P: Sarazzin, D: Malclès, C: Giulini
Berganza, Alva, Panerai, Corena, Vinco

1960-61

La Sonnambula (Bellini) 10-19-60 P: Medioli, D: Sanjust, C: Serafin
Sutherland as Amina

A Midsummer Night's Dream (Britten) 2-2-61 P: Gielgud, D: Piper, C: Solti

Fidelio (Beethoven) 2-24-61 P: Klemperer/West, D: Hill, C: Klemperer
Jurinac, Morison, Vickers, Hotter, Frick

Falstaff (Verdi) 5-10-61 P: Zeffirelli, D: Zeffirelli, C: Giulini
Freni as Nanetta, Resnik as Quickly, Evans, Alva, John Shaw as Ford

1961-62

Iphigénie en Tauride (Gluck) 9-14-61 P: Gentele, D: Toms, C: Solti

Die Walküre (Wagner) 9-29-61 P: Hotter, D: Kern, C: Solti
Välkki, Watson, Gorr, Vickers, Hotter, Langdon (Hunding)

The Silent Woman (Strauss) 11-20-61 P: Wild, D: Battersby, C: Kempe

Die Zauberflöte (Mozart) 1-4-62 P: Klemperer/West, D: Eisler, C: Klemperer
Sutherland as Queen of the Night

Don Giovanni (Mozart) 2-9-62 P: Zeffirelli, D: Zeffirelli, C: Solti

Alcina (Handel) 3-8-62 P: Zeffirelli, D: Zeffirelli, C: Balkwill
Sutherland as Alcina

King Priam (Tippett) 6-5-62 P: Wanamaker, D: Kenny, C: Pritchard

L'Heure espagnole (Ravel) 6-16-62 P: Ustinov, D: Ponnelle, C: Solti
Mary Costa as Concepción

Erwartung (Schoenberg) 6-16-62 P: Ustinov, D: Schneider-Siemssen, C: Solti/Sillem

Gianni Schicchi (Puccini) 6-16-62 P: Ustinov, D: Clerici, C: Solti

1962-63

Siegfried (Wagner) 9-7-62 P: Hotter, D: Schneider-Siemssen, C: Solti
Nilsson, Windgassen, David Ward

La Forza del Destino (Verdi) 9-28-62 P: Wanamaker, D: Wanamaker, C: Solti

Turandot (Puccini) 2-28-63 P: Sequi, D: Beaton, C: Downes. Shuard

Lohengrin (Wagner) 4-8-63 P: Gielen, D: Hill, C: Klemperer
Crespin, Kónya, Gorr, D. Ward

Le Nozze di Figaro (Mozart) 5-29-63 P: Schuh, D: Otto, C: Solti. Ligabue, Freni, Berganza, Gobbi, Evans

1963-64

Götterdämmerung (Wagner) 9-11-63 P: Hotter, D: Schneider-Siemssen, C: Solti

Katerina Ismailova (Shostakovich) 12-2-63 P: Habunek, D: Rasica, C: Downes

Tosca (Puccini) 1-21-64 P: Zeffirelli, D: Mongiardino, C: Cillario
Callas/Collier, Cioni/Prevedi, Gobbi/Bacquier/Kraus

Rigoletto (Verdi) 2-4-64 P: Zeffirelli, D: De Nobili, C: Solti

I Puritani (Bellini) 3-20-64 P: Zeffirelli, D: Zeffirelli, C: Bonynge
Sutherland as Elvira

1964-65

Das Rheingold (Wagner) 9-3-64 P: Hotter, D: Schneider-Siemssen, C: Solti

Die Walküre (Wagner) 9-5-64 P: Hotter, D: Schneider-Siemssen, C: Solti

Il Trovatore (Verdi) 11-19-64 P: Visconti, D: Sanjust, C: Giulini
G. Jones as Leonora, Simionato, Prevedi, Glossop

Arabella (Strauss) 1-29-65 P: Hartmann, D: Rice, C: Solti
Della Casa, Carlyle, Fischer-Dieskau

Il Tabarro (Puccini) 4-12-65 P: Anderson, D: Annals, C: Pritchard

Moses and Aaron (Schoenberg) 6-28-65 P: Hall, D: Bury, C: Solti

1965-66

Simon Boccanegra (Verdi) 12-1-65 P: Gobbi, D: Salimbeni, C: De Fabritiis

Der fliegende Holländer (Wagner) 1-28-66 P: Williams, D: Kenny, C: Solti

Der Rosenkavalier (Strauss) 4-21-66 P: Visconti, D: Visconti/Scarfiotti, C: Solti. Jurinac, Veasey, Carlyle

La Fille du Régiment (Donizetti) 6-2-66 P: Sequi, D: Anni, C: Bonynge
Sutherland, Pavarotti, Malas

Die Zauberflöte (Mozart) 7-5-66 P: Hall, D: Bury, C: Solti

1966-67

Benvenuto Cellini (Berlioz) 12-15-66 P: Dexter, D: Montresor, C: Pritchard

La Traviata (Verdi) 4-19-67 P: Visconti, D: Frasca, C: Giulini
Freni, Cioni, Cappuccilli

Die Frau ohne Schatten (Strauss) 6-14-67 P: Hartmann, D: Svoboda, C: Solti
Hillebrecht, Borkh, Resnik, King

1967-68

Norma (Bellini) 11-30-67 P: Sequi, D: Pizzi, C: Bonynge
Sutherland, Horne/Elkins, F. Tagliavini

Aïda (Verdi) 1-24-68 P: Potter, D: Georgiadis, C: Downes

The Midsummer Marriage (Tippett) 4-10-68 P: Anderson, D: Walton, C: Davis

Così fan tutte (Mozart) 7-4-68 P: Copley, D: Bardon, C: Solti/Mackerras
Lorengar, Veasey, Popp, Alva, Ganzarolli, Engen

1968-69

Manon Lescaut (Puccini) 11-27-68 P: Anderson, D: Lingwood, C: Kertész
Collier, Ilosfalvy, Massard

Die Meistersinger (Wagner) 1-24-69 P: Hartmann, D: Kay, C: Solti

Hamlet (Searle) 4-18-69 P: McWhinnie, D: Hurry, C: Downes

Orfeo ed Euridice (Gluck) 6-12-69 P: Copley, D: Prowse, C: Solti
Lorengar, Minton (Orfeo)

1969-70

Les Troyens (Berlioz) 9-17-69 P: Volonakis, D: Georgiadis, C: Davis
Veasey, Vickers, Silja

Pelléas et Mélisande (Debussy) 12-1-69 P: Kaslik, D: Svoboda, C: Boulez
Söderström, Shirley, McIntyre, Ward

Victory (R.R. Bennett) 4-13-70 P: Graham, D: Stone, C: Downes

Salome (Strauss) 6-12-70 P: Everding, D: Majewski, C: Solti
Bumbry, Veasey, Ulfung, N. Bailey

—Adapted from statistics provided by Sheila Porter, Covent Garden press officer.

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(*Continued from page* 44)

David has built up, ideas and suggestions are continuously picked up and passed on. The choice of singers, for instance, is something that might be expected to belong strictly to the musical wing; and yet it was Sir David who, happening to hear Jon Vickers sing in Canada at a low ebb in his career, divined in him the future heroic tenor and engaged him on the spot.

The regular clientele at Covent Garden, as at any other opera house, make free with their suggestions for improvement; a music critic, whose duties have taken him professionally there (as mine have) during the entire period of Sir David's tenure of office, certainly has had occasion to groan as well as to rejoice at what he has seen and heard. Repertory, casts, décor, production—all have had their inevitable ups and downs.

But the achievements are too solidly based, and too promising, to be ignored. Covent Garden is again one of the world's great opera houses—and one which, as a simple index of efficiency, prides itself on announcing its repertory and casts further ahead, and changing them less often, than any of its rivals. There is no doubt, too, that Sir David and his staff have established an atmosphere of hard work and serious cooperation that deeply impresses visiting singers.

In 1960, to the general satisfaction, David Webster was knighted. He has deserved well of the public, and of the arts, opera, and ballet, and has handed over to his successor an unquestionably efficient, going concern and a fund of public and professional good will.

—*E. Fred Sher*

Webster views the scene at the opening of the new Metropolitan, Lincoln Center, September 1966.

A Stateside View of Webster's Era

It was no advantage in the hard task confronting the new administrator of Covent Garden in 1945 that the choice of the committee was neither Sir Thomas Beecham nor Rudolf Bing, both of whom had been widely rumored as possibilities, but a business man from Liverpool. Beyond the educational advantages of Liverpool University and Oxford, where he had specialized in economics, David Webster's credentials were primarily mercantile, as manager of a Bon Marché and as a member of the Liverpool Ballet Club. Less known, if no less vital, were his arts interests, as noted by Desmond Shawe-Taylor.

There was, inevitably, dissidence from the partisans of those who had been passed by. The largest share was weighted on the side of his mercantile identity. In a time of trial and difficulty, this made Webster an easy target. How many knew, or cared to know, how deep his interest in music really was? Or, as he once mentioned to me in a conversation when demolition of Carnegie Hall was threatened, the satisfaction he had experienced, after a business trip to America in the late Thirties, in being able to buy a gallery seat for a Philharmonic concert conducted by John Barbirolli with the late Artur Schnabel as piano soloist?

When the Sadler's Wells Ballet, which had been maturing slowly before and during the war, was chosen to reopen the "new" (dowdy still, and shabby) Covent Garden in February 1946, one who was soon drawn, moth-like, to the flame was S. Hurok. What he saw, in its full-length *Sleeping Beauty*, was sufficiently promising to paint rosy glows of a new sunrise of ballet for the United States. Dame Ninette de Valois, its director, was less sanguine. "Give me two more years," she told Hurok. In the interim, David Webster came to New York to consider a Hurok-sponsored season. The Met was not immediately available, but the City Center (on Fifty-fifth Street) was. Webster came, saw, and was not conquered. In the aftermath of the Sadler's Wells celebrated Metropolitan debut in 1949, the wisdom of his decision was beyond contravention.

Operatically, however, the battle was far from won. In the first flush of enthusiasm, the projection was in terms of a native enterprise, utilizing British-born singers, performing in their own language, with a sufficient number of internationally known artists to sustain a high artistic standard. This posed problems from the start, and they did not diminish as time passed. A visitor from the States who heard a *Tosca* with Ljuba Welitsch singing the principal role in German and others answering in English had to wonder whether this was a reasonable proposition. In time, the "native" objective receded into the background, in favor of the best standard of opera that could be achieved, language aside.

As Rafael Kubelik succeeded Karl Rankl as music director, and Georg Solti succeeded Kubelik, the contentions and countercontentions about the "Administration" diminished and then dwindled. It became apparent, as a second five-year term followed a first five-year term, that the substance of the Webster success did not repose, necessarily, in the overpowering quality of the work that was done, but that there was, in being and available, a place where work *could* be done. Covent Garden, as well as being subsidized by the British Council (later the Arts Council), was proceeding with purpose and a sound program to energize a whole segment of talent—ranging from British designers, British directors, and British composers—that had not had such operatic opportunities previously. It was in the nature of things that when a great international impersonator of Norma named Maria Callas made her memorable debut in Covent Garden she communicated the fire of emulation to an Australian soprano in the small role of Clotilde. Fifteen years later, Joan Sutherland would become a great Norma in her own right.

Regarded from the transatlantic viewpoint, and with no pretension to an intimate insight into subtleties and nuances of influence that doubtless prevail at home, the overriding conclusion would have to be that the Webster era at Covent Garden has been not only a significant but a historical success. It has demonstrated that an enlightened man of business background has much more to contribute to the functioning of an arts institution in these times than is generally acknowledged. Equally evident is the demonstration that creating the climate for good work is the first, indispensable prelude to the emergence of such work. In both respects, the Webster record is the best testimony to its own virtue.

—Irving Kolodin.

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Pop Minstrelsy: Madrigal Blues

by ELLEN SANDER

At a recent Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young concert in New York, Graham Nash introduced "Carry On" in a snide tone of voice as "a little ray of hope for you-all." Stephen Stills, who wrote the song, flashed a peace sign with an unmistakably sarcastic grimace. Neil Young just stood there in skinny patched jeans and looked forlorn. The concert was an uphill climb that didn't quite make it. The group played to an hysterical audience of young urban inmates with nothing to applaud but their own unfounded enthusiasm, and they gave riotous standing ovations to the embarrassed astonishment of the group. Are the young audiences less selective these days? No, just a little more desperate than usual.

"We're going through the same things that they are," said David Crosby after the show. "It's getting harder and harder to make happy music." Relevant American rock 'n' roll is awfully difficult to appreciate—when the 6 o'clock news socks it to you every night, and even the pop stars have succumbed to the current malaise among the disenchanted. Fear is the little death, and everyone who feels what's going on in the diseased innards of this country is dying just a little. Of all the pop music 1970 has so far produced, only Simon and Garfunkel have had the grace and perspective to soothe and console. To suit the times, pop music must be refuge, not fuel to a fire that burns all too close to home.

When I find myself in times of trouble, it's not the swashbuckling, city-bred rock 'n' roll I seek; it's the gentle minstrelsy and blues wafting from across the Atlantic or in from the hinterlands, where folks are not in so much torment, that reaches and moves me. This month has miraculously produced a generous share of solace.

The Incredible String Band can always be counted on for something magical and transcendent, and their latest album, *I Looked Up* (Elektra, EKS 74061), is no exception. The entire LP is like one continuous song, ever changing from theme to theme around a spiral of permutations that forms its innermost core. To accomplish this, the band's members gently mix every conceivable form of simple musical expression within their peculiar spectrum of tone and time colorations, and the effect is very much like a bit of fragile white lace metamorphosing into a rich, meticulously detailed tapestry of higher consciousness. They are like a prism through which a song unfolds; the moment its essence becomes clear, it breaks up into more changes. Like itinerant holy men they sing of luminescent waters and nights alive with beasties. There is something very ancient about their music; fantasy is their element and mythology their bill of fare. And yet they have the scope to be absurd.

"Pictures in a Mirror" starts off from inside a dulcimer and rambles into a guitar, building into some flamenco-like figures until Robin Williamson knocks it over with his voice. He sings of Lord Randall in jail and unfolds the indescribable narrative helix that follows with hilarious aplomb. "Black Jack Davy" starts out as a jig; the goony pathos of "The Letter" wrings laughter out of every note of this the shortest of the six songs on the album. "This Moment" and "When You Find Out Who You Are" are songs that both enlighten and exhilarate as they entertain. The Incredible String Band can analogize one note to the eternal quality of one moment forever becoming one song, one album to a galaxy of changes and a universe of hope.

Lambert and Nuttycombe are a folk duo, and their debut album, *At Home* (A&M, SP4250), was recorded in front of a hearth, by firelight, with a plate of taco chips and a bottle of wine before them, in Sausalito, just over the Golden Gate Bridge, one of the loveliest places on the sea.

They make simple, acoustic music; pure folk music without the conceit of ethnocentricity. "Morning" is a breathless gentle dawn, "Something on My Mind" is flowing, sweet, harmonic, melodic, and very, very quiet. I marvel at the hushed quality of "Mouse," and their sensitive treatment of Jerry Jeff Walker's unforgettable portrait of a jailed street dancer, "Mr. Bojangles." "Country Song" is a simple song of simple dreams, and "Clover" is reminiscent of the most charming side of Donovan, that quivering, controlled softness that ends a beautiful experience. Lambert and Nuttycombe have a loose, rambling quality, and the songs are rather like bamboo wind-chimes on a clear, soft, salty day.

Ian Matthews's album *Matthews's Southern Comfort* is a more elaborate weaving of folk material and accompanying instrumental work. It opens with "Colorado Springs Eternal," a Rocky Mountain air with an infectious tumbleweed backbeat, lush with the scent of summer. The carefully integrated instrumental arrangements and mixture of simple rhythms support Matthews's tender vocal renderings of original material. "The Castle Far" has haunting vocals; an elusive flute surrounded by delicate organ work plays behind background harmonies that entwine the song like proud, relentless vines around a strong, slender stalk of melody. "Please Be My Friend" has a country steel guitar, an easy riding melody line, and gently driving percussion figures behind it. "The Watch" is a song that ticks through modal changes while it laments the sorrows it creates.

The histrionics get a bit sticky here, but the song itself is genuine long-lost sadness. The mincing steel guitar in "Sweet Bread" relieves the feeling of loneliness. Matthews's melodies and lyrics are as buoyant as his titles, his album worth feeling good about.

And out of all of this comes a group, Siren, and their first album by the same name (Dandelion, D9 104). They have accomplished something rare. They can define each song they do with a reality of its own within the structure of a highly distinctive continuity of style. Basically, the songs are grubby London backstreet blues. Siren's approach is fresh and direct, their style flavored with a musical offhandedness that graces their sound with simplicity and an understated, very British sense of humor. They distill influences, not merely absorb them; while their choices are wide, they are never slipshod. There is not a single phase of their conception or development of a song that is not precise, clean, well-worked, and played with amazing natural accuracy. Like true blues musicians, they do not play one unnecessary note.

They open with the energy of good old-style rock 'n' roll, the hominess of folk, and the clarity of good clean picking blues. They manifest an organic synergism that elevates every song and every transition they so competently effect. They move from the pulsing buffoonery of "Ze-Ze-Ze-Ze" to the twanging country blues of "Get Right Church" with proficient ease and a virile kind of grace. Their "Rock Me Baby" is their own, not a warmed over copy of Jeff Beck's or the original B. B. King monument, and in that there is a tribute to a master musician and a classic source.

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Recordings in Review

Messiaen Mirrored By John Ogdon

MESSIAEN: *Vingt regards sur l'enfant-Jésus. John Ogdon, piano.* Argo, ZRG 650/1, $11.90.

IN THE YEARS since his maiden win at Moscow in 1962, John Ogdon has established a track record for consistently good recordings unexcelled among his contemporaries. That may, in part, be a consequence of his wise course in avoiding the conventional challenges and in pursuing a repertory—Busoni, Rachmaninoff, Nielsen, etc.—that he has all but claimed for his own. His record for thoughtful, intelligent effort is by now so well established that it may be taken for granted that almost any composer will benefit from Ogdon's attention to a work that interests him (the "almost" pertains to a recording of Beethoven's *Hammerklavier*, which had many virtues but not the ultimate one of being Ogdon-true to the opportunities it afforded).

The seldom heard cycle of Messiaen (he has described it as the quest for "a language of musical love") poses a formidable technical challenge to any pianist who confronts it. This is not alone for the dexterity and power it demands, but rather because they are utilized in a manner entirely personal to Messiaen. Derived from Debussy's concept of the "orchestral piano," he carries the precedents of "Claude de France" to astounding lengths of carillon-like chords, arpeggios spread over the length of the keyboard, double-handed trills and tremolos, pealing melodies in the midrange echoed by bell-like sonorities in the eighth octave, block chords that could be construed as trumpet fanfares, and intricate runs that produce a harplike resonance. Or, at the other extreme, spare chords that depend as much on the feet as on the hands.

The mere look of the page could be enough to intimidate the most highly qualified instrumentalist, but Ogdon has persisted beyond domination of the mechanical means to re-create the imagery in Messiaen's mind. This embodies a complex of "Regards" (based, as Robert Sherlaw Johnson's excellent annotation helpfully mentions, on writings of Dom Columba Marmion and Maurice Toesca) from "the shepherds, the angels, the Virgin, and the heavenly Father." Three themes come and go, with harmonic and rhythmic transformations (the latter based on the theories of the Indian musician Carngadeva) that exclude the possibility of monotony in the four-sided sequence. There are, to be sure, stretches of hypnotic repetition (as in "Regard de l'esprit de joie"), but each drives through to a climax in a way that may well have been suggested to Messiaen by the Debussy of "L'Ile joyeuse." Now and then, amid all the gamelon-like sonorities, a simple melody (in the manner of Poulenc) illuminates the scene, as in "Regard de l'esprit de joie."

Clearly, it is impossible to absorb a work with the manner and content of this one in a week or a month. Ogdon has rendered a singular service in mobilizing the means to get it off the paper and into a form that will reward listening for years to come. The unidentified engineers have performed their task with equal thoroughness.

Nikita Khrushchev, then Chairman of the Council of Ministers of the Soviet Union, congratulates the winners of the 1962 Tchaikovsky Competition, John Ogdon (right) and Vladimir Ashkenazy (left).

To Percy from Ben

GRAINGER: *"My Robin Is to the Greenwood Gone"; "The Duke of Marlborough"; "Scotch Strathspey and Reel"; "Shepherd's Hey"; and "Lisbon." Benjamin Britten conducting members of the English Chamber Orchestra. "Let's Dance Gay in Green Meadow." Britten and Viola Tunnard, piano. "The Pretty Maid Milkin' Her Cow"* and *"The Sprig of Thyme." Peter Pears, tenor; with Britten, piano. "Willow, Willow." Pears; with Britten conducting the E.C.O. "There Was a Pig Went Out to Dig." Ambrosian Singers. "I'm Seventeen Come Sunday" and "The Lost Lady Found." Ambrosian Singers; with E.C.O. "Bold William Taylor" and "Shallow Brown." John Shirley-Quirk, baritone; with E.C.O.* London stereo, CS 6632, $5.98.

ALTHOUGH THERE IS nothing but logic in the identity of interests, it had never occurred to me that as well as being the composer of *Peter Grimes*, the *War Requiem*, and other works too numerous to mention, and a devoted pianist on behalf of Schubert's song cycles, Benjamin Britten was also a devotee of the late Percy Grainger. Although the sources of that enthusiasm are not defined in Peter Pears's otherwise informative program notes, the listener can only be grateful for it as the motivation for an enchanting fifty minutes-plus of music not otherwise available on discs.

As a casual survey of the contents will reveal, Britten's Grainger is not everybody's Grainger. No "Tune from the County Derry" or "Handel in the Strand" (which is not to imply that he doesn't regard them highly). Aside from "Shepherd's Hey" and the "Scotch Strathspey" (whose variations on "What Shall We Do with a Drunken Sailor?" recall "Young Joe Has Gone Fishing" from *Grimes*), the efforts of the highly suitable personnel are directed almost wholly to those products of Grainger's indefatigable folk song hunting that are rarely heard. The fine-filtered residue herein collected contains nothing but essence, sweet or

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tart, soothing or stimulating, according to the subject matter. Lacking specific mention of any exceptions, the treatments must be accepted as altogether Graingerian, although one might be pardoned for wondering whether Britten here and there "reinforced" some of the content.

For those who may be apprehensive that they will find themselves wallowing in Grainger's favored kind of chromatic enrichment, it may be mentioned that such tendencies are minimal and not overfavored in the dozen or so subjects included. What there is in great abundance is a kind of earth-sprung eloquence, in "Willow, Willow," "Bold William Taylor," and "I'm Seventeen Come Sunday," or field-fostered humor, in "There Was a Pig Went Out to Dig," or pastoral poetry, in "The Pretty Maid Milkin' Her Cow" and "The Sprig of Thyme," rarely surpassed in "literary" verse. A special lure to listening, beyond the constant eruption of the unexpected, is the editorial judgment that has preserved to the last the best things of all: the atmospheric "The Lost Lady Found" and the superbly sad "Shallow Brown." This is a tune with some of the great spirit of "Shenandoah," beginning "Shaller Brown, you're goin' ter leave me," with the refrain "Shaller, Shaller Brown" sung by the chorus, and the continuation "Shaller Brown, don't ne'er deceive me," etc.

If John Shirley-Quirk does nothing else in his highly promising singing career, he has earned, in this one deeply felt performance, an identity all his own. Everybody performs well, but it is the embracing oneness of Britten and Grainger that makes the results unique.

From the Bottom of the Beethoven Barrel

BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 5 in C minor. Arthur Nikisch conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra (1913).* BERLIOZ: *Carnaval Romain (1921).* LISZT: *Hungarian Rhapsody No. 1.* Perennial Records, P.O. Box 437, New York, New York 10023.

PENDING DISCOVERY of a *Fidelio* (preferably with Lilli Lehmann) in that fabled series of 1908, which included a nearly complete *Carmen* (among other things), this reissue of the first full symphony ever perpetuated in the horn days must come as close to the bottom of the Beethoven barrel as is possible, even in a bicentenary year. Justly famous, and sometimes reviled as a travesty of Nikisch's conducting of the C-minor (by, among others, the late Arturo Toscanini), it has to be taken, in this long-play form, with a considerable infusion of skepticism. But, with that screen of suspicion firmly in place, there is still much that is rewarding.

—*Hans Schliessmann.*

Arthur Nikisch—"poet as well as philosopher, dance master as well as taskmaster."

As it is improbable that Nikisch would have been guilty of a sudden, seemingly uncontrollable speeding-up of tempo in the slow movement, it seems unlikely that he would have taken the first movement with the extravagantly overstated slow pace heard at its opening. An unreliable turntable would seem to be at fault in both instances. But for many minutes at a stretch, the present reissue runs true and steady, permitting some consecutive impression of what Nikisch's Beethoven might have been like. Alive, certainly, and impulsive, with rock-steady tempi, firmly controlled dynamics, and little indication of the willfulness that has sometimes been attributed to him, or to the gypsy vacillations that are, properly, in their place in his famous reading of the Liszt *Hungarian Rhapsody* No. 1. Some may scoff at the idea that anything resembling an intelligent idea of musical context can be derived from a recording so dispiritingly low-fidelity as this; but for one whose love for Schubert's *Unfinished* was nurtured by an Eduard Mörike-directed recording of the same year as the Berlioz and Liszt items of this disc (1921), it is a mere reminder of where some listeners came in.

There is a minuscule upgrading of sound values in the eight years between the two sessions represented on this disc (in those days it doubtless seemed a miraculous forward surge), more to the advantage of the interpretative rather than the executive values involved. Here is living proof of Nikisch as poet as well as philosopher, dance master as well as taskmaster, still possessed of his legendary fire in the last year of his life (he died in January 1922).

Resnik as Mme. Flora

MENOTTI: *The Medium. Regina Resnik (Madame Flora), Judith Blegen (Monica), Emily Derr (Mrs. Gobineau), Julian Patrick (Mr. Gobineau), and Claudine Carlson (Mrs. Nolan); with the Opera Society of Washington conducted by Jorge Mester.* Columbia stereo, MS 7387, $5.98.

A NEW RECORDING of Gian Carlo Menotti's *The Medium* (the original predates LP, which means that it is nearly twenty-five years old) has long been due. But it was by no means a certainty that any new version, however conscientiously cast, could supersede as well as succeed its predecessor. But the enlistment of Regina Resnik to perform the role of Madame Flora (memorably created by Marie Powers) and the gifted Judith Blegen for Monica (vice Evelyn Keller) has accomplished the desirable outcome of enhancing tonal fidelity without degrading dramatic credibility.

Is Madame Flora a performer-proof role, or has it merely been fortunate in its performers? As far as recordings are concerned, it has certainly been twice blessed. Resnik's current status as a singer with twenty-five Metropolitan Opera seasons behind her is sufficient comment on her capacity to fill any vocal requirement of Menotti's score; but those who have watched her steady growth as a singing actress in that time will not be in the least surprised by her ability to evoke the full range of Madame Flora's "spiritualism" by voice alone. Add the wistful charm of Monica artfully conveyed by Miss Blegen (the violin-playing Emily of Menotti's *Help! Help! the Globolinks!*) to the admirable contributions of the others, and this *Medium* should stand unchallenged for some time to come.

This is the point at which there are usually to be found learned words on the durability of the score, whether it has eroded in interest through the passage of the two decades-plus that have elapsed since it was first performed in the Brander Matthews Theater on the campus of Columbia University in upper Manhattan. The reacquaintance shows, merely, that it is even more beautifully factured than memory recalls, that it is as rich in musical imagery as it is in theatrical craftsmanship, and enjoys the cherishable status of being neither old nor new, modish nor *démodé*, but, merely, of *being*.

—I. K.

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Orchestral LPs

Data	Report
Auber: *Marco Spada.* **Adam:** *Giralda.* **Lecocq:** *La fille de Madame Angot.* **Planquette:** *Les cloches de Corneville.* **Auber:** *Lestocq.* **Adam:** *La poupée de Nuremberg.* **Boieldieu:** *Le calife de Bagdad.* **Thomas:** *Mignon.* Richard Bonynge conducting the New Philharmonia Orchestra. London stereo, CS 6643, $5.98.	Although only two of these items (the *Mignon* and *La fille de Madame Angot* overtures) are known to other than specialists, each has the sheen, polish, sparkle, and zest to challenge them for equal favor. They are, in short, products of an extraordinary *époque* when popular and cultivated tastes had a great deal of community, when men of skill and ability vied for the opportunity to exceed each other not in vulgarity and tawdriness, but in gaiety and artistry. That is not to say that the two Auber overtures are quite in the class of *Crown Diamonds, Fra Diavolo,* or *Domino noir,* but the class they occupy is quite a classy one on its own. As Bonynge has demonstrated on other occasions, he is really a nineteenth-century spirit turned loose in an alien age, and finding a fertile field for cultivated musicianship on the lower levels of Mt. Olympus. The playing is beautifully reproduced.
Dvořák: Symphony No. 7 in D minor. Zubin Mehta conducting the Israel Symphony Orchestra. London stereo, CS 6607, $5.98.	There have been, since this work began its reappearance in the repertory in the Fifties, more than a few representative performances, but none of greater all-around merit than this one. Mehta has a sure sense of where the music is in this ingratiating score, and imparts that sense productively to the orchestra. It may be merely an illusion based on the always improving quality of reproduction that the Israel Philharmonic sounds better under Mehta than it has under any predecessor, but there is certainly a close and congenial relationship that results in a communal kind of music-making rather than the more exteriorized "performance." The special merit in Mehta's direction here is to scale the orchestral effort exactly to the scope and substance of the music, rejecting the temptation that it presents to overstatement.
Haydn: Symphonies Nos. 91 and 102. Max Rudolf conducting the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra. Decca stereo, DL 710173, $5.98.	The recording of No. 91 claims, as its mark of singularity, that it is the first recording to be performed from the manuscript (now to be found in the J. Pierpont Morgan Library on New York's Madison Avenue). But it leaves hanging, like a tantalizing semivista of something important, any information on the ways in which the text of this performance differs from any predecessor. It still sounds like a cunning example of Haydn's mastery of the symphony as he had evolved it full of unexpected sorties and deviations in procedure. Rudolf leads an affectionate, beautifully proportioned performance. An appropriate contrast is provided in its disc-mate, for 102 is one of the really great Haydn symphonies, which dominates the attention at every turn, no matter how often one has heard it. This performance, as well as being affectionate and beautifully proportioned, has a tone and temper that are responsive to the profundities the work contains, especially in the subtly colored "Adagio." The recording supervised by Israel Horowitz is notable on its own for the equal justice to top and bottom frequencies.
Jolivet: Concerto. **Milhaud:** Concerto No. 1. Philippe Entremont, piano; with L'Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire de Paris conducted by the composers. **Milhaud:** *La création du monde* (arranged by Milhaud for quintet of piano, Entremont; Gérard Jarry and Jacques Ghestem, violins; Serge Collot, viola; and Michel Tournus, cello). Columbia stereo, MS 7432, $5.98.	Jolivet's work, founded on an orchestral score titled *Equatoriales* that brought together rhythmic and dynamic elements of Africa, Asia, and Polynesia, has a good deal of excitement and sonorous diversity in its three movements, but it does not sound to me that the composer had found the answer to the problem of formal climax or stylistic resolution. The Milhaud has no such uncertainty, fulfilling every esthetic expectation. At times, the substance is a little overpowered by the amount of sonority imposed upon it, but the composer's sure hand soon reasserts itself. Those to whom *La création du monde* is unfamiliar will find pleasure in its basic patterns, as rescored by the composer himself in the late Twenties. Others are likely to find the allusions to the bands he heard in Harlem during his first visit to this country (around 1921) sadly devalued in the windless ensemble.
Rameau, J.-P.: *Les Paladins* and *Zaïs* Overtures. **Boyce:** *Cambridge Installation Ode.* **Scarlatti, A.:** *Il giardino di rose* Overture. **Cimarosa:** *I Traci amanti.* **Bach, J.C.:** *Catone in Utica.* **Locatelli:** *Introduttione teatrale,* No. 5. **Mozart:** Symphony in D (K. 121). Raymond Leppard conducting the New Philharmonia Orchestra. Philips stereo, 802-901, $5.98.	This continuation of Leppard's valuable enterprise (see Philips, PHS 900-235 with its Pergolesi, Handel, Grétry, D. Scarlatti, Rameau, Bononcini, Sacchini, and Méhul content) is rewarding for not only the zest, charm, and sophistication of the content itself but the light it sheds on the developing scope of the early opera overture and its eventual "offshot," the symphony. The process is neatly summarized in Leppard's inclusion of K. 121, which, when added to *La finta giardiniera*'s Overture, became a symphony (though not included in the official canon of 41). Among the special delights of the rarities in this sequence are the "boisterous" (for its percussion content) *Zaïs* Overture of Rameau and the spirited *I Traci amanti* of Cimarosa. Leppard's accumulating skill in the repertory of his choice rates high marks for deftness and polish, imparting a set of characteristics to the results that are ever more recognizably his own. Fine sound, too. I. K.

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Doing the Four-Channel Two-Step

If four-channel stereo gets popular, what will happen to the equipment and recordings we own now? Relax. The hi-fi industry is worrying along with us—ahead of us, in fact—because, until that question's answered, four-channel simply can't make it.

It is possible to take the big step into full four-channel now, of course; tape decks are available, and Scott announced a quadraphonic amplifier months ago. Or you could take that step by converting your current gear, cobbling a four-channel head and extra preamps onto your present tape deck, and adding a second stereo amp (or even two monophonic ones) to your existing system for the back channel.

Such a setup could play two-channel tapes as well, of course—not to mention conventional discs and broadcast material. But it is still too big a step; so manufacturers are working to divide that big step into two smaller, less intimidating ones. And they're doing it in ways that can enhance our enjoyment of the broadcasts and recordings we already have.

A number of these two-step intermediate ideas will be shown to the trade at this week's Consumer Electronic Show (New York Coliseum). If they are as diverse as the four I previewed for this article, the options available to listeners by next year may be almost unlimited.

Consider just this lineup: A system that lets you play four channels through a single stereo amplifier (Dyna); a system that encodes four-channel compatibly onto two-channel records or broadcasts (Scheiber/Advent); a true four-channel receiver prepared for whatever quadraphonic broadcast systems may ensue (Fisher); and a converter that adapts any stereo component system to four-channel (Harman-Kardon). And of these four, no less than three enhance two-channel program material as well.

Dynaco's contribution is not a product but an idea—and a most elegant one, at that. The only equipment you must add to make the Dyna system work will be a pair of speakers—just one speaker, if you're economically inclined.

As with any true four-channel system, to get four-channel you must record (or broadcast) it. In the Dyna system, you can do it by two-channel means: Left and right channels are recorded normally, on channels L and R. Then the front and center information is recorded in-phase on both channels, while the rear and center information is mixed into channels L and R with its phase reversed on one channel.

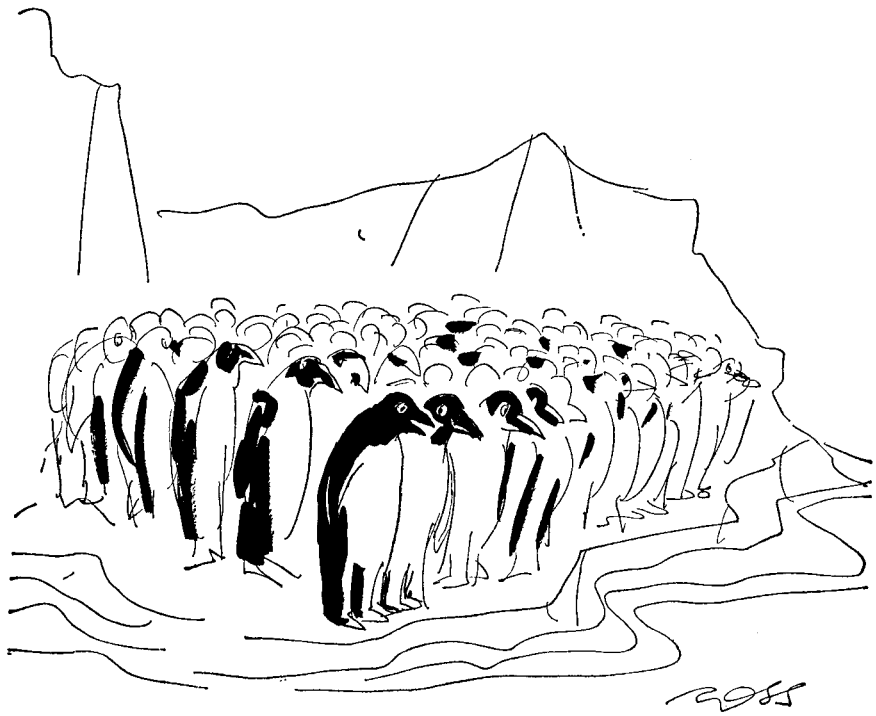
As you might expect from this description, playback involves placing speakers in a diamond pattern: one in front, one back, and two side speakers somewhere between the listener and the front position. The left and right side speakers are connected in the normal stereo fashion, the front speaker is connected as a normal center channel, and the rear speaker is wired out of phase across the hot leads of the left and right side speakers.

Played back through all four speakers (or even three—the front speaker simply helps you fix the central image firmly in the room; so it is optional), the original four channels are recreated with the usual four-channel effects, resulting in increased hall ambience, or individual sound sources in all quadrants of the room. Played through a two-channel stereo system, the same recordings would still be compatible, although the spatial position of the "rear" material would be changed to an undefined front area. And current stereo recordings with some out-of-phase material will produce distinct rear-channel effects when played through the Dyna three- or four-speaker hookup. I've heard the effect most noticeably in playing back applause from stereo recordings, and in the stereo recording by Blood, Sweat and Tears of "Spinning Wheel."

Played back through a single, monophonic speaker, all the out-of-phase, rear-channel information would completely disappear. And that's the rub. Because much as four-channel may be talked about, and common as two-channel stereo may be, most radio listening is still done monophonically—and an awful lot of records are sold to people who heard them first on radio. If ambience were all that four-channel added, the loss of some rear-hall echo in monophonic play would not be troublesome; but, speaking realistically, the big market for four-channel is more likely to be gimmicked pop than ambient symphonic, and the loss of whole instruments is not to be considered lightly. So, unless I miss my somewhat saddened guess, the record industry won't go along with Dyna.

But they may well go along with the Scheiber system—or some system like it—which would let them make and broadcast four-channel with full compatibility from two-channel means. Like the Dyna system, the Scheiber is a matrix, using phase relationships to distinguish the four signals in their two-channel mix. So, like the Dyna system, the Scheiber naturally offers complete separation between opposite speakers, and incomplete separation between adjacent ones. But Scheiber

(*Continued on page* 56)



"Let's leave now and avoid the rush."

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Miscellaneous LPs

Data	Report
Beethoven: Trio (Op. 11) Stanley Hoogland, piano; with Piet Honingh, clarinet; and Anner Bylsma, cello. Sonata (Op. 17). Hoogland, piano; with Herman Baumann, natural horn. Quintet (1796). Ad Mater, oboe; Brian Pollard, bassoon; and Baumann, Adriaan van Woudenberg, and Werner Meyendorf, horns. Allegro and Minuet (Op. 26). Frans Vester and Martine Bakker, flutes. Telefunken stereo, SAWT 9547, $5.95.	The "hooker" in this offering is the prominent mention of the original instruments utilized by the performers. This may contribute a period flavor to the horn sonata, in which the relationship of the difficulties it embodies to the task of its original performer, Punto, raises one's esteem for him more than a little. The woody sounding clarinet also suggests that something of timbre has been lost in the developments of the nineteenth century that made the instrument easier to play and also enhanced its brilliance. However, the Broadwood piano (of 1825) is already a big advance on the instrument Beethoven found in Vienna twenty-five years previously (when most of these works came into being). The music is of unequal interest, but all the performances are good.
Mahler: *Kindertotenlieder*. **Wagner:** *Wesendonck Lieder*. Marilyn Horne, mezzo; with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Henry Lewis. London stereo, OS 26147, $5.98.	Miss Horne's sumptuous voice has rarely been recorded with greater fidelity or to such good artistic effect. Her singing of the Mahler songs, slow and measured though it is, does not find her wanting in the means to sustain her chosen pace, for the most part. Now and then there is a slight roll-off from the note to which the sound is directed (especially in the area between A and D). The choice of the *Wesendonck Lieder* as companion matter for the Mahler is not as farfetched as might seem at first thought. At the tempo Miss Horne and Lewis take the Mahler songs, the emanation of *Tristan* is very strong. In the context of her own vocal equipment, Miss Horne (who sings the five in the written keys) imparts a velvety richness in the prevailing range that is not too often heard from even the best sopranos. However, although she sings the top tones fully enough, one has the sense of strain that goes into lifting a weighty object. The objective is attainable, but not without extra effort. In justice to the exceptional sound she commands, further excursions into the soprano terrain should be considered and reconsidered carefully. It may be noted that the sequence sponsored here is not one that follows the order of composition or publication. Lewis maintains very good balance among all the instruments (voice included), and the orchestra plays well for him.
Mozart: "O heiliges Band der Freundschaft" (K. 148); *Dir, Seele des Weltalls* (K. 429); "Die ihr einem neuen Grade" (K. 468); *Sehen, wie dem starren Forscherauge* (K. 471); *Maurerische Trauermusik* (K. 477); "Zerfliesset heut', geliebte Brüder"; "Ihre unsre neuen Leiter" (K. 484); *Die ihr des unermesslichen Weltalls Schöpfer ehrt* (K. 619); *Laut verkünde unsre Freude* (K. 623); and *Lasst uns mit geschlungnen Händen* (K. 623). István Kertész conducting the London Symphony Orchestra and the Edinburgh Festival Chorus with Werner Krenn, tenor; Tom Krause, baritone; and Georg Fischer, piano/organ. London stereo, OS 26111, $5.98.	The combination of Mozart and Masonry, as identified with not only *The Magic Flute* but the occasionally performed "Masonic Funeral Music" (*Maurerische Trauermusik*), promised much from a disc devoted entirely to such material. The reluctant judgment must be that, aside from the "Funeral Music" at the end of Side 1 and the tenor solo immediately preceding, it comes close to that exceptional kind of Mozart—the bland and boring. There may be some contextual explanation for the limited range of harmonic colors employed, possibly to simplify singing by nontrained voices. But the outcome is, in any case, lacking in individuality, less spiritual than much music Mozart wrote without trying to be otherworldly. It is of more than passing interest that, in the last three items, bearing K. 619 and 623 numbers, the tone changes rather recognizably from what had preceded. Moreover, it displays what some had previously suspected—that some of the "serious" moments in *Così* were not travesties, but meant that way. Or at least, in duplicating them here, Mozart meant them seriously. H. C. Robbins Landon's note on the rise of Masonry in Europe, and Mozart's involvements therein, is excellent.
Prokofiev: Sonatas Nos. 1 and 2. Wanda Wilkomirska, violin; with Ann Schein, piano. Connoisseur stereo, CS 20168, $5.98.	Mmes. Wilkomirska and Schein make a beautiful partnership, and one that, it can be hoped, will endure to perform "live" as well as on discs. They have similar attributes of refinement, musical intelligence, and artistic impulse, which, together, make for a chamber music experience by no means common. What they lack in some measures is bigness of sound and style: They tend to push hard in the fast movements of the First Sonata and the finale of the Second, with some sense of strain emerging from the energetic effort. Give them, however, a work that is predominantly lyric (such as the D-major, No. 2) and the elements fall swiftly, as well as suavely, into place. They have, in addition to other considerations, a common concern for well-formed sound. The quality of the reproduced sound is excellent.
Schubert: Trio in E-flat (Op. 100). Isaac Stern, violin; Leonard Rose, cello; and Eugene Istomin, piano. Columbia stereo, MS 7414, $5.98.	By the measure of its immediate predecessor in B-flat (Op. 99), the E-flat Trio has had relatively few recordings, and consequently an even smaller number that approached a satisfying outcome. This is assuredly one of the small number of outstanding recordings of this great work, and certainly the best of any recent time. The music requires not only a thorough command of Schubert's instrumental values but a full comprehension of the part played in the writing by the Schubert of the greatest songs (including *Die Winterreise*), to which there are repeated, if involuntary, references. Throughout, Istomin's piano has just the lightness and clarity to articulate what is going on in his part without obscuring either string sound. Taken together, the superior musical intelligence, which is formed out of the three good brains here collaborating, senses the great emotion under the simplicity of manner, likewise the play of harmonic subtleties beneath the transparent surface. The treatment of the slow movement is a shade more cheerful than it might be, but it accords otherwise with the weight and balance of the work as a whole. —I.K.

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Cadillac Quality in Volkswagen Space

The long-standing contention that the bigger the speaker the better the sound has, in the last decade, been fighting a rear-guard action against the clear voice of reason embodied in the bookshelf types pioneered by Edgar Villchur in his AR revolution. But the heaviness of some, the less than fulfilling extremes of range of others, have left the musical optimumists vaguely or less than vaguely dissatisfied, according to their inclinations and expectations.

In the last year or so, however, aural extremists have been offered a new solution to their problems, and, after a time trial measured in months rather than weeks, this one can definitely proclaim that Bose is best, big or small, high or low. Like many top innovations, it is not the cheapest or the prettiest embodiment of its purpose, but it combines function with form in classical proportions of efficiency and compactness. For the furniture minded, the well-textured wood frame is available with a choice of four grill panel cloths.

The particular novelty of the MIT-derived design (Amar G. Bose did graduate and postgraduate work, and has held a professorship in acoustics at that institution) is the diffusion of sound from the rear of a small, cube-shaped hexagon, rather than from the front. A mere 20 5/16 inches wide, 12 3/4 inches high, and 12 7/8 inches deep, it uses the wall against which it is positioned as part of the sound-dispersing pattern. Two of them properly powered (my source is Marantz) can provide more sound than even an oversized studio room can absorb. An adapter network, housed in a less than book-sized enclosure, enables the speakers to be tuned to the specific space in which they are positioned.

As a basis of comparison, my listening ears have been attuned for more than a decade (since 1958, when stereo came in) to a pair of oversize KLHs (7s, measuring many feet of cubic content) extended in range through electrostatic mamama (high end) tweeters. Not only can I not detect any loss of response at the extremes of range in an A-B test of the Bose pair vs. the KLH-plus pair, but there is more solidity in the Bose midrange and equal smoothness through the transient response. The pair of Bose speakers list at $476, but the payoff is comparable to Cadillac quality in Volkswagen space. —I. K.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 4
eluded, delude, dueled.

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Roger Sessions QUESTIONS ABOUT MUSIC

One of today's first-ranking composers, whose opera Montezuma has just enjoyed its world debut, writes lucidly about music from the point of view of the composer and the practicing artist. He discusses such fundamental questions as: Is there a gap between the modern composer and the public? How does the composer get and develop a musical idea? What does the composer expect of his listeners? What is the function of the performer? By whom and how is music to be judged? *The Charles Eliot Norton Lectures, 1968-1969.* $5.95

Igor Stravinsky POETICS OF MUSIC

In the Form of Six Lessons

With a Preface by George Seferis. Once again music-minded readers can take pleasure in Stravinsky's "musical confessions," as he calls them. Delightful, informal, personal, illuminating, here are Stravinsky's thoughts on the processes of inspiration, composition, and performance; on Wagner, Verdi, musical taste and snobbery; on Russian politics and Russian music; on his own musical expression and personal philosophy – in a first English-French edition. *The Charles Eliot Norton Lectures, 1939-1940.* $7.95

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Karajan's "Creation"

In light of the fact that no current recordings exist of a single Haydn opera, of his oratorio *Il ritorno di Tobia* and *Applausus Festkantate*, or of his choral scoring of the *Seven Last Words of Christ*, one might well look somewhat askance at the appearance of still another, the eighth, stereo recording of Joseph Haydn's *Die Schöpfung* ("The Creation"). Since the advent of stereo—and what sound possibilities this work has, with the superbly orchestrated opening "Representation of Chaos," the tremendous *fortissimo* C-major chord on "Let there be light," the vivid orchestral painting of God's beasts, the serene orchestral dawn of Part III, etc.—"The Creation" has been available in generally acceptable versions by provincial German forces (Vanguard, Heliodor), a rather poor recording with Horenstein (Vox), a tense, heaven-storming reading by Bernstein (Columbia), and a well-conducted, English-language version by Frederic Waldman (Decca).

At the time of Bernstein's controversial release, there were simultaneously Karl Münchinger's stately, rock-solid performance on London, given a needed lift by the bright, effortless singing of Elly Ameling; and still another from Philips, rather sluggishly led by Eugen Jochum with Gottlob Frick taking the only honors among the soloists. Obviously, no one definitive version existed among this baker's half-dozen—either the conductor outmatched his soloists or vice versa, or only one among the trio/quartet was truly outstanding—but Deutsche Grammophon has now produced what should remain a classic version of the oratorio.

Herbert von Karajan's performance with the Berlin Philharmonic and Wiener Singverein (270744, two discs, $11.96), it can be assumed from merely reading the album cover, is no ordinary "Creation." Not only are a soprano and two baritones listed (a legitimate casting of Gundula Janowitz as Gabriel and Eve, Walter Berry as Raphael, and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau as Adam), but so are *two* tenors and a mezzo-soprano. One must assume that this recording was begun, but not completed, just before Fritz Wunderlich's untimely death in 1966, and hence the presence of Werner Krenn in seven numbers, mainly recitatives and ensembles. And the presence of Christa Ludwig in the final "Singt dem Herren alle Stimmen!" (actually scored for alto soloist, generally borrowed from the chorus) meant that she had accompanied her husband, Mr. Berry, to these sessions and obliged Karajan in the closing moments. With these assembled forces, Karajan has fashioned a "Creation" that towers above its predecessors just as a true festival performance does among the midseason standard.

Haydn's *Die Schöpfung* succeeds or fails with its conductor, for the balance of disparate elements is like almost no other in music. Because it so represents the optimism of the Age of Enlightenment—the Humanism in which the glory of God manifested itself in Nature—there is the simplicity of Haydn's faith and a childlike naïveté. Yet with this go sublime and noble expression, awe-inspiring fervor, and profound faith. The work was first performed just two years short of the dawn of the nineteenth century, and Haydn can be said to have here bridged Beethoven and the Baroque.

In admiration of Handel, he composed certain choruses in magnificent Baroque style—and probably there had been no great tonal painting of storms and animals since Handel's own portrayal of the plagues in *Israel in Egypt* until "The Creation." It is doubtful, too, that there could have been such a work without Mozart's *Magic Flute*, so often does Haydn's solo writing recall Mozart's vocal style—and in both works there exists that duality of the simple with the exalted and the ideal of the Brotherhood of Man. Added to these matters of the past were Haydn's own style and his late-in-life experiments with new devices. He was, indeed, a classical composer, but he veered toward a new expressiveness and passion that was the budding of Romanticism (the harmonic turns of the "Chaos" opening is Haydn as no other of his works had seen him—and decades later an admiring Richard Wagner emulated them). Like his idols Handel, Mozart, and Bach, he was rich in invention, imagination, and craftsmanship.

Haydn's trips to England and the Handel Commemoration in Westminster Abbey had convinced him that the grand English-style oratorio would "give permanent fame to my name in the world." The impresario Salomon gave him a libretto that Lidley (or Linley) had compiled for Handel himself from Milton's *Paradise Lost* and the first chapter of Genesis. Back in Vienna Haydn found Gottfried van Swieten to translate the English text into German, as well as to advise on certain musical settings of the words. As Haydn biographer Karl Geiringer points out, these years of "The Creation" were among the richest and happiest in the composer's life. "Haydn had always been deeply religious and free from doubt and skepticism; he was really sincere when he wrote the words *'Laus Deo'* at the end of each of his compositions . . . the world seemed a very good and beautiful place." In the music he could praise and thank God on a large scale and depict in sounds the beauties of Nature, expressing "the serene affirmative spirit that filled his soul."

Karajan handles this chain of diverse elements in *Die Schöpfung* authoritatively, from the slow introduction to the final chorus of praise. The suave Berlin Philharmonic is his sterling personal instrument, and he wields extraordinary control over it. Being a master architect in the design of a performance, he maintains an eloquent balance of Handelian majesty, Mozartean lightness, and Romantic coloration. His view of the music has a Wagnerian scope, stressing the sublime nimbus of the music, a fullness of orchestral sound, and deliberate tempos, but with finely conceived contrasts and graphic depiction of the pictorial texts. DGG technicians have then achieved the rare feat of maintaining a splendid equilibrium among orchestra, chorus, and soloists.

Karajan's soloists are among the cream of Europe's whole milk of singers, and the recording would have been invaluable if only for the still further glimpse it offers into the refined art of the late Fritz Wunderlich, whose elegant phrasing, pleasure-filled vocalizing, and golden tone set him apart from all others. Krenn's sweet voice is lighter and less personal but altogether up to the task of finishing Wunderlich's work. Gundula Janowitz's soprano has a radiance and otherworldliness appropriate to Karajan's concept. Even with an occasional metallic edge and less than a feather trill for "Auf starkem Fittiche," this is noble, polished singing. Walter Berry fills all the requisites as Raphael, with the vocal weight for the dramatic recitatives and the technique for the more florid arias, narrating with dignity and humanity. In Part III the presence of Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau gives a warmth and intensity to the role of Adam. —ROBERT JACOBSON.

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Letters to the Recordings Editor

Bob Dylan and the Poetry of Salvation

STEVEN GOLDBERG'S article "Bob Dylan and the Poetry of Salvation" [*SR*, May 30] provided me with some very thoughtful moments. For this I say thank you. I'm strongly inclined to see the mystical depth in his artistry, and he is a very fine artist. But—I do resent the way Goldberg has things all figured out. . . .

JAY CARTER,
San Jose, Calif.

THANK YOU for having the understanding to put Goldberg's Dylan article on the *SR* cover. It's the best rock story I've read and one of the better poetry analyses as well.

KURT SCHNEPPLE,
Arcata, Calif.

I THOROUGHLY enjoyed Goldberg's excellent article in your latest issue. . . . However, I feel that his discussion of the mystic implications in Bob Dylan's songs, and their inherent interrelationship that reveals a chronological development of a Dylan-styled transcendental outlook, deserves one further addition. . . . Dylan is an American mystic in the tradition of Walt Whitman. Dylan eyes our splintering society, with its wig and false eyelash values, paints the reality of the pieces that exists beneath the appearance, categorizes them, and attempts to put them back together. . . .

RICK SILFEN,
Bronx, N.Y.

UNTIL I READ Steven Goldberg's article, I would have sworn Dylan was all mine.

RICHARD GANCI,
San Francisco, Calif.

READERS OF *Saturday Review* have a right to expect more intelligent, more responsible criticism than Steven Goldberg's cover article on Bob Dylan. Goldberg writes the kind of criticism I hate. He shows not only subliminal contempt for Dylan but also the obnoxious egotism of the dilettante. . . .

GEOFFREY HARPHAM,
Los Angeles, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *If beauty is in the eye of the beholder, so is hate. "Subliminal contempt" is a concept we all may ponder.*

IT IS SURELY part of the sickness and the sadness of our time that we have a magnificent spiritual heritage that we casually brush aside and disdain while, when people such as Bob Dylan come along, we prostrate ourselves before his really quite vague and nebulous offerings like beggars straining to gather up some crumbs of life. . . . It must be noted that Dylan's appeal derives in substantial part from the fact pointed out in Mr. Goldberg's article, namely that Dylan's mysticism or faith compartmentalizes life, separating it from politics, etc. . . . "Society is left to shift for itself. . . ." This is everywhere life's great temptation, the constant peril of all religion, the inviting door to escapism, pietism, etc. . . .

WILLIAM JANSSEN,
Evanston, Ill.

AS A LONGTIME Bob Dylan fan who has grasped intuitively that he is "sending out clues" to something that transcends political and social issues, I am grateful to Mr. Goldberg for his analysis of Dylan and the mystical experience. It is interesting to take this comparison and one step forward and to draw a parallel between Blake's three stages of existence and Dylan's development, or growth as a poet. . . .

BARBARA KUSSOW,
Mt. Vernon, Ia.

STEVEN GOLDBERG'S look at Bob Dylan and his music from a mystic standpoint is, by far, the most intelligent analysis I have read. Mr. Goldberg does not, as is all too often the case with previous writers, condescend to the reader by discussing Dylan's music on a hip-message-those-in-the-know level. Instead he views each album by Dylan as a kind of quest for the poet-singer, with the successive albums coming closer to what Goldberg calls Dylan's "search for God. . . ." This article is the first serious look at perhaps the most perceptive mind of the 1960s. . . .

GARY KERLEY,
Athens, Ga.

STEVEN GOLDBERG'S skepticism concerning how many of Dylan's youthful followers have even the vaguest notion of what he is singing about struck me as the first egotistic flaw in an otherwise beautiful article. . . .

SARAH L. MACKEN,
University of Illinois,
Urbana, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Goldberg's observation need not be considered egotism, if it is also true. And the truth of the observation about records that have sold into six-seven figures is not contravened by the clear comprehension of an outspoken minority. . . .*

Nice to Know

THE INSCRIPTION on the monument to the Athenian dead at the battle of Plataea (479 B.C.):

If dying nobly be the greatest part of manhood,
To us of all men Fortune granted this.
For, striving to bestow freedom upon Greece,
We stored up undying glory for ourselves.

It is always so frustrating to read about the concerts, ballets, and plays you have in New York, but it is nice to know that there are such things. Your recordings reviews, including rock, are very helpful to me.

DWIGHT SMITH,
Dallas Center, Ia.

Dylan and Berrigan

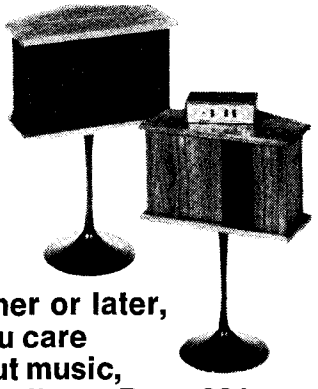
LET ME EXPRESS my great appreciation of Steven Goldberg's article on Bob Dylan. . . . To me it is a superb interpretation of a great soul, a truly helpful renewal of "salvation theology. . . ." Daniel Berrigan's "The Passion of Dietrich Bonhoeffer" [*SR*, May 30] is also the kind of deep insight and dedication to real peace that we need much more of. I'm among the host of admirers of *Saturday Review* and the leadership that Norman Cousins has given to the real progress of man.

REV. DON C. McMILLAN,
The Federated Church,
Avon, Ill.

Bartók's Four

THE Ormandy/Philadelphia version of Bartók's Four Pieces [*SR*, May 30] may claim only to be the first American recording. The work has been available for some years on Qualiton HLP 124 (also issued as Hungaroton HLPX 124) in an idiomatic performance by the Hungarian State Concert Orchestra conducted by János Ferencsik.

HALSEY STEVENS, Chairman,
Department of Composition, USC,
Los Angeles, Calif.



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Four-Channel

Continued from page 51

goes beyond this "natural" matrix effect—its decoder incorporates sensing circuits that automatically maintain separation between adjacent channels, too.

That separation does, however, vary. It provides maximum separation for individual soloists or groups in different channels (which is when you need that separation most), but reduces the ability to separate individual voices in large choruses and orchestras that spread from one channel into the next. That would seem, though, to be the only compromise over true four-channel sources. First licensee to make the Scheiber system available will be the Advent Corporation; they expect their home decoder to sell for about $100, their studio encoder (that makes the recordings) to cost somewhat more.

Fisher's approach will be as much one-step as two-step (despite the coining of this article's title by their chief engineer, Fred Mergner). They'll be showing a four-channel receiver only 10 per cent larger than their comparable two-channel ones. Where the second step comes in, with Fisher, will be multiplex; should the FCC approve a four-channel multiplex broadcast system, you'll be able to unplug the Fisher's current multiplex section and replace it with a new one. And two-channel material played through this new receiver can be slightly enhanced by switching in a simulated rear channel, differing in phase, amplitude, and frequency response. (Just how it differed, Fisher wouldn't say yet, and couldn't demonstrate that day.)

Harman-Kardon takes another approach. Their new Quadraphonic Processor is an add-on bringing true (and quite well simulated) quad sound to two-channel systems. The unit (designed in conjunction with Bob Orban of Parasound) includes delay lines, phase shift networks, and two 25-watt amplifiers for the rear channels.

With four-channel tapes and such, the H-K device is just an extra amplifier for the rear. But when playing two-channel stereo material, the Quad Processor can "create" an artificial rear channel by driving the rear speakers with a delayed, phase-shifted version of the front signal (delay is one of the chief differences between the front sound and the ambient rear sound of four-channel concert recordings). It does the same for mono material, too—first converting the mono signal into pseudo-stereo for the front two channels.

So far, I've heard the Dyna, Scheiber, and the Harman-Kardon systems, *and they work*. Exactly as Harman-Kardon says, "Careful and thoughtful use of the controls gives the listener a closer link with the live performance."

Within six months or so, you should be able to hear at least some of these four-channel, two-step products at work in the stores. But what you'll hear will probably sound less impressive than what I've heard so far. Because the way that sales and gimmicks oft go hand in hand, it'll probably be more than six months before you can hear four-channel demonstrated with that oh-so-necessary "careful and thoughtful use of the controls."

—IVAN BERGER.

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LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1h, *Gulliver's Travels.* 2i, *Huckleberry Finn.* 3g, *Of Mice & Men.* 4f, *Cancer Ward.* 5j, *Candide.* 6d, *1984.* 7c, *Seven Pillars of Wisdom.* 8a, *Idiot.* 9e, *Catcher in the Rye.* 10b, *Lady Chatterley's Lover.*

For Young People

Continued from page 39

and longer section discusses the long, long winter and the burdens it imposes on the women. While there are trenchant general observations about cultural disparity, the book's impact derives primarily from the sketches of individual women and their households. Good photographs, informal style, interesting subject. Ages 11-15.

A Herd of Deer. *By Eilis Dillon. Illustrated by Richard Kennedy. Funk & Wagnalls.* 189 *pp.* $4.95. Peter Regan, sent to work on his uncle's farm for the summer, had run away to Galway, not knowing how he would earn his bread until he bumped into Michael Joyce. Mr. Joyce had come back to his father's country from Argentina, and he needed Peter's help in discovering who had stolen the deer from his estate. Posing as a hiking vacationer, Peter finds that Joyce's neighbors resent him (he isn't using the land in the right way, with "decent animals like cows and pigs, that a person could have a bit of respect for") and have stolen the deer to teach him a lesson. There is suspense in the pursuit of the hidden animals; the descriptions of the countryside are evocative; the characterization and dialogue are a delight. Ages 12-14.

The Peter Pan Bag. *By Lee Kingman. Houghton Mifflin.* 219 *pp.* $3.75. Resentful at her parents' refusal to let her visit a friend for the summer, Wendy decides that she can't bear another suburban summer, that seventeen is old enough to go it alone, and that she will simply descend on a friend in New York. But the friend isn't there, only an older brother, Peter, who talks Wendy into going with him to Boston. That's the Big Scene, he tells her. So Wendy goes to Beacon Hill and joins the hippie community. She is sometimes fascinated, and sometimes irate at the impositions of her new acquaintances. Briefly angry when she finds that Peter has introduced her to the group as part of a serious study, she is changed enough by the experience to accept his role and her own return to suburbia with equanimity. The book has an intensity and honesty that are deepened by the narrow focus of the action, and the characters are remarkably differentiated and vivid. Ages 13-16.

Fanny. *By E. M. Almedingen. Illustrated by Ian Ribbons. Farrar, Straus & Giroux.* 227 *pp.* $3.95. "I am an old woman now, and yet all the colors of my childhood burn even brighter than they did in my youth," wrote Frances Hermione de Poltoratzky in 1915. From her sketches of a Russian childhood and from family papers, Fanny's niece has compiled a fascinating book about the small girl whose English mother and Russian father lived so happily on the family estate, Avchourino. Tremendously wealthy, Fanny's father was a gentle man who disapproved of serfdom and who insisted that his daughters be brought up with a freedom that was shocking to the aristocratic cir-

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—From "Dwellers of the Tundra"

cles in which the Poltoratzkys were entitled to move. There is charm in the idyllic life at Avchourino, drama in the flight to Paris when the family loses its wealth, and a pervasive affection and acuteness in the writing. Ages 13 up.

The Boat Who Wouldn't Float. *By Farley Mowat. Atlantic-Little, Brown.* 241 *pp.* $5.95. Having succumbed to the lure of an auctioneer's voice and bought an enormous stock of ship's supplies, Farley Mowat (while "moored to a bar in Toronto") and an equally injudicious friend decided to buy an old-fashioned wooden boat. And that was how he became the owner of the *Passion Flower*, later misnamed the *Happy Adventure*. If a boat can be recalcitrant, the *Happy Adventure* was. Occasionally the saga of her eight years in the tear-stained hands of her owner lapses into cuteness or irrelevance, but most of it is a romping account of nautical misdemeanors along the North Atlantic coast. The aborted voyages are punctuated by strenuous drinking sessions with brine-crusted natives. For young adults.

The Nashville Sound: Bright Lights and Country Music. *By Paul Hemphill. Simon & Schuster.* 289 *pp.* $5.95. Country music has always had an audience in this country, but it bloomed into wide popularity and high finance with smoother arrangements and the recording of country songs by such "outsiders" as Bob Dylan, Nancy Sinatra, and Dean Martin. No longer a simple ditty backed by a wailing violin, it is now sophisticated, rehearsed, arranged, touted, and—according to the purists—debased. Its headquarters is Nashville, Mecca of the pickers and backers, the singers and writers, the lyricists and arrangers and hangers-on. The atmosphere of Opry and the milling bars where everybody who is nobody tries to wedge in, where those who have it flaunt it, is brash and booming and corny, and it is all vigorously reported in a book that captures the hustle and color of "hillbilly heaven." For young adults.

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(Continued on page 58)

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(Continued from page 57)

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(Continued on page 60)

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(Continued from page 59)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1890

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Earl of Douglas in Henry IV, part 1	81 9 93 19 72 192 35 65 125
B. After *A:* followed by WORD C: Marx Bros. film that has the famous "stateroom" scene (2 wds.)	24 127 118 188 71 76 34
C. See WORD B (2 wds.)	129 68 97 64 38 167 111 183
D. A state of intense or maximum activity (2 wds.)	144 184 132 47 32 114 43 95
E. Town in Basses Pyrénées; capital of Béarn until 1460	156 104 190 79 58 175
F. Conforming to the standard or the common type	146 149 185 155 3 165
G. Fishing port and seaside resort in County Cork	15 94 173 57 196 141 109
H. Slogan of Marines under General Carlson in WW II (2 wds.)	172 55 157 143 84 70
I. Reason	51 194 30 137 152 126 8 181 18
J. "La Comédie Humaine" is his magnum opus	136 17 53 174 5 195
K. Muddles or stupifies	135 92 162 150 67 103 121
L. In Geometry, a plane figure bounded by two radii and the included arc of a circle	82 33 36 7 54 98
M. Insubordinate, rebellious	116 96 139 142 21 74 164 178 128

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. A *central pillar or upright* from which the steps of a winding stair radiate	89 134 22 20 130
O. Persians perhaps	75 87 102 133 52 163
P. It's a blunder, said Disraeli in "Coningsby"	153 27 193 41 60
Q. Creating all things	12 49 170 44 16 177 78
R. Novel by Jack London, sequel to "Call of the Wild" (2 wds.)	28 2 100 25 110 6 123 45 112
S. Novel, up-to-the-minute	10 85 62 40 189 91 158 138 120 171
T. Puts in good humor	147 115 37 124 4 140 131 186
U. A rectangular figure	11 86 59 99 69 179 90 56
V. American landscape architect and writer (1822-1903; "Walks and Talks of an American Farmer in England")	39 182 14 168 159 42 26
W. Oath expressing anger or disappointment	151 191 108 29 50 77 88 113 13
X. "To the gull's way and ———'s way where the wind's like a whetted knife." (2 wds.; Masefield, "Sea Fever")	101 63 48 80 119 154 176 161
Y. Where all things are expected to come out (3 wds.)	145 117 83 105 180 187 169 122 160
Z. Spirit, courage	107 61 46 1 148 23
Z^1 A short fixed final stanza of a ballade, for instance	66 73 166 31 106

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

1 Z	2 R	3 F	4 T	■	5 J	6 R	7 L	8 I	9 A	10 S	11 U	12 Q	13 W	■	14 V	15 G
■	16 Q	17 J	18 I	19 A	20 N	21 M	■	22 N	23 Z	24 B	25 R	■	26 V	27 P	28 R	29 W
■	30 I	31 Z^1	■	32 D	33 L	34 B	■	35 A	■	36 L	37 T	38 C	■	39 V	40 S	■
41 P	42 V	43 D	■	44 Q	45 R	■	46 Z	47 D	48 X	■	49 Q	50 W	51 I	52 O	■	53 J
54 L	55 H	56 U	57 G	58 E	■	59 U	60 P	61 Z	■	62 S	63 X	64 C	65 A	66 Z^1	■	67 K
68 C	69 U	70 H	71 B	72 A	73 Z^1	74 M	■	75 O	76 B	77 W	78 Q	79 E	■	80 X	81 A	82 L
■	83 Y	84 H	85 S	86 U	87 O	■	88 W	89 N	■	90 U	91 S	92 K	■	93 A	94 G	95 D
96 M	97 C	98 L	■	99 U	100 R	101 X	102 O	103 K	104 E	■	105 Y	106 Z^1	107 Z	108 W	109 G	110 R
111 C	■	112 R	113 W	114 D	115 T	116 M	117 Y	118 B	■	119 X	120 S	121 K	122 Y	■	123 R	124 T
125 A	■	126 I	127 B	128 M	129 C	130 N	131 T	■	132 D	133 O	134 N	135 K	136 J	137 I	138 S	139 M
■	140 T	141 G	142 M	143 H	144 D	145 Y	146 F	147 T	■	148 Z	149 F	150 K	151 W	152 I	153 P	■
154 X	155 F	156 E	157 H	158 S	■	159 V	160 Y	161 X	162 K	163 O	164 M	165 F	166 Z^1	167 C	168 V	■
169 Y	170 Q	171 S	■	172 H	173 G	174 J	175 E	176 X	177 Q	178 M	179 U	■	180 Y	181 I	182 V	183 C
184 D	185 F	186 T	■	187 Y	188 B	189 S	190 E	■	191 W	■	192 A	193 P	194 I	195 J	196 G	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 11 of this issue.

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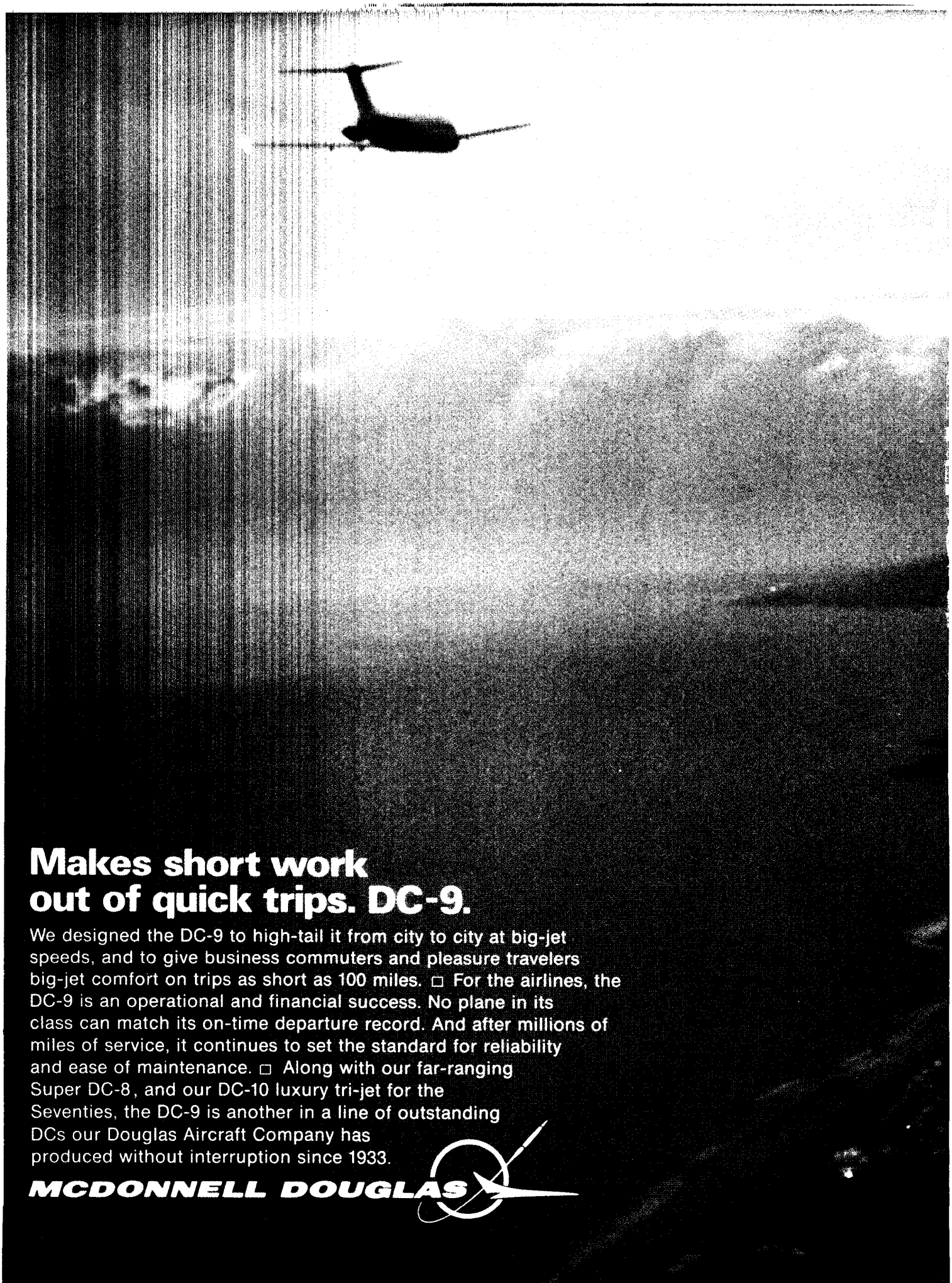

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